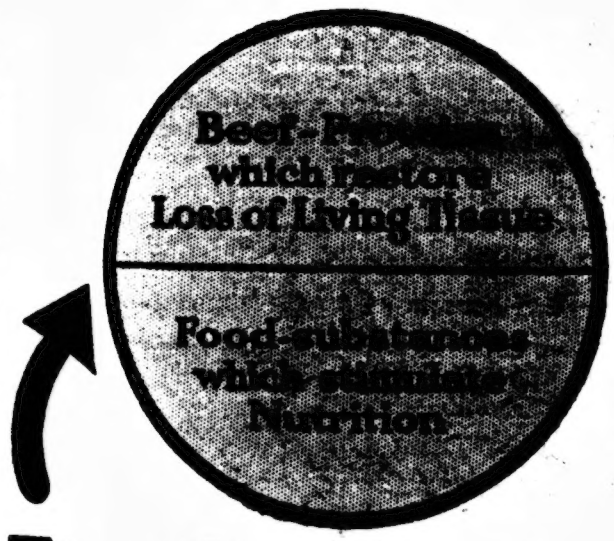
JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 8, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1234.
Vol. XLVII.

OVER A MILLION SALE

Restores Living Tissue



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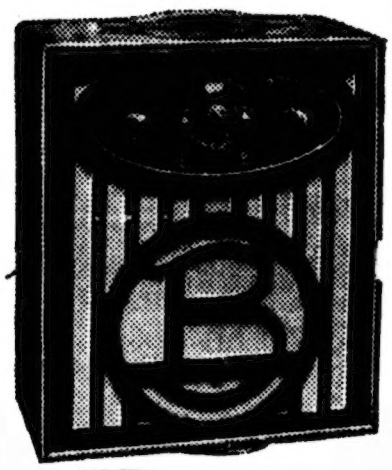

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:: For Further :: Postal Bargains

See Page 31.

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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Feb. 8, 1930. Twopence. Entered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1½d.; other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Lloyd George and the General Election Scare

HERE is the best evidence that can be obtained in refutation of the rumours of an early General Election.

The man who can decide when the election is to come is Mr Lloyd George, who holds a casting vote in the House. Until he declares that the day is due, the Government cannot be defeated.

* * *

And Mr. Lloyd George has not yet taken any step to put his Party organisation on a "war footing."

His propagandist organisation and publicity departments are all working with skeleton staffs—a clear indication that he does not propose to send the Government to the country just yet.

Flying Princes

Will the Prince of Wales or the Duke of York fly over to Canada in one of the great airships to open the Welland Ship Canal, one of our greatest Empire developments?

The hope is entertained in Canada that the occasion will be marked by a flying ceremony on Dominion Day.

* * *

The new canal will be the longest in the world and the greatest British engineering triumph yet attempted.

Stretching across the Niagara peninsula between Lakes Ontario and Erie, eight locks divide twenty-seven miles of water, 25 ft. to 30 ft. deep, between Port Colbourne and Port Weller.

The new canal will give Canada almost unlimited scope for commercial development.

The real squabble

The London Press says that in the Naval Conference France is playing a high hand—as a matter of fact, that is Italy's role. A bitter Franco-Italian fight is going on. It permeates the whole business of the conference.

Italy wants parity with France. France will never concede it—even on paper—although Italy can never build up to France's strength, even if she has the right to do so.

There may yet be an open quarrel.

Privately interviewed, Signor Grandi has expressed fierce sentiments. "The attempt of the Powers to coerce Italy will fail," he said.

From mine to canal

We gather that Mr. J. H. Thomas will in the near future announce the Government's approval of a big scheme of canal reconstruction—a plan JOHN BULL has long advocated.

The idea is to recondition existing waterways to provide a canal straight through from London to Birmingham for motor-barges of heavy tonnage.

The Government assistance is likely to take the form of the payment of the interest on the capital required over a period of years.

The work will be largely in excavations suitable for miners.

Two up

In the House of Commons Sir Basil Peto asked Mr. Snowden whether he remembered writing an article in JOHN BULL advocating the rationalising of industrial assurance.

Mr. Snowden replied that he remembered the article—a very good one—and promised to implement the programme foreshadowed therein as soon as pressure of business allowed.

He jogged Snowden's elbow

We can also take considerable credit for another measure which is shortly to come before Parliament—namely, a Bill to prevent mock auctions. This is to be read a second time and printed immediately.

Flying Job for the Prince?

Work—They Cannot Do

Dumped cars

The American motor-trade has been badly hit by the Wall Street slump, and the market is swamped by thousands of second-hand cars, returned under hire-purchase agreements, in addition to the new cars for which there are no buyers.

To clear this enormous surplus, the American motor-trade is planning a sensational campaign for the dumping of surplus cars, new and second-hand, on the European markets.

Already France, Germany and Italy, seeing the danger to their home motor-trade, have taken the first steps towards confining the American motor-car imports to a definite quota.

Wanted—hewers

A familiar gibe at the workless by well-fed persons is that they are unemployable. Well, God forgive them, at last they are right.

Actually many Northumberland and Durham mines are short of hewers. Unemployed in plenty. But no hewers. Why?

The answer is tragically easy. Many hewers have been out of work for three or four years, four years of semi-starvation and lack of physical effort. They are no longer strong enough for their old work.

They asked for work, and were given the "dole."

Too-easy printing

One outcome of the Hatry case is likely to be greater restrictions on firms printing company scrip certificates. At present printers have no method of knowing whether scrip certificates ordered from them are genuine or not.

It is probable that a movement will be started to allow printing of scrip certificates only by certain firms placed on a special register and given special facilities for investigating orders of this character.

Not in recess

For a considerable while now the Government of Northern Ireland has been promising to introduce a Bill setting up a Court of Criminal Appeal, but so far the only satisfaction is that the Bill is in course of preparation.

There should be little difficulty in the measure being passed in the forthcoming session, and there is not the slightest need for any additional expenses in new judges.

The present ones could well do the work. What they have to do is not enough to keep them even warm.

The voice of Labour

Millions of Labour's supporters all over Britain are waiting for Monday morning, March 17, when the new *Daily Herald* makes its first appearance.

Up to the present Labour has been inarticulate—lacking a great national daily newspaper as a channel for its views.

The country expects great things of this new *Herald*. There will be no disappointment on March 17.

A tremendous organisation has been perfected to make the new *Herald* the pre-eminent *news*paper in the country. It will offer its readers, moreover, a £10,000 free insurance and other benefits which will be unsurpassed by those offered by any other daily newspaper.

Black stories

Ex-King Amanullah is bringing out a book which he hopes will sell briskly on the Continent on the strength of tales of "Perfidious Albion."

Of course, the country that really sold him a gold brick was Russia.

Amanullah mortgaged the goodwill of Afghanistan as a going concern to Stalin. Round figures were agreed upon, but when Afghanistan proved more concerned about Amanullah's going-out, Stalin refused to pay up.

But that story wouldn't win so much sympathy as the highly coloured memoirs Amanullah is publishing.

'Varsity pull

The Committee on Electoral Reform is to have placed before it a proposal, by the Labour Party, for the abolition of the University constituencies, which, it is claimed, are out of date.

The matter will probably be raised in the House of Commons within the next week or two.

At present, the seven University constituencies elect twelve Members to the House. Not one of these is a Labour Member.

Those twelve votes might easily make all the difference in a Parliamentary vote involving the defeat of the Government.

The Labour Party proposes to stop all plural voting, and that includes university graduates, who also have a vote at home.

Fire futilities

Why cannot our fire brigades be co-ordinated? Last year 800 lives were lost and £15,000,000 worth of property destroyed by fires.

A deputation of fire engineers petitioned the Home Secretary to organise the fire brigades as a single State service under some form of central supervision.

The Home Secretary replied that more might be done by local authorities—a hoary form of reply which has been trotted out since the year dot.

They can afford—

The three-Party committee which is enquiring into the question of Ministers' salaries will take the report of the 1920 committee, and consider modifications in the light of present-day circumstances.

Sir J. Melville, Solicitor-General, shares £30,000

Its work should soon be done.

If it decides to re-submit the 1920 recommendations, these will mean an increase of £3,000 a year for the Prime Minister, the President of the Board of Education, and the Secretary for Scotland; and an increase of £1,000 for the Minister of Labour, the President of the Board of Agriculture, and the Minister of Transport.

Reductions of £2,000 each will be proposed for the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, bringing them down to £5,000 and £4,000 respectively, plus fees.

But as the fees amount to about £30,000 a year between the two of them, they will be well able to afford the drop.

General post

The Post Office being one of the reserved Services, its control in Northern Ireland is still under the Postmaster-General.

We would draw his attention to the fact that there is widespread dissatisfaction in that country over the manner in which both appointments and promotions are made.

The chief complaint is that people are being penalised because of their religious beliefs.

And this is A.D. 1930!

Muddled

The Government scheme of withdrawing young men from the mining areas and setting up training-centres in factory districts has resulted in many old servants being dismissed and employment found for the newcomers at greatly reduced rates.

That is the root of the trouble at Watford, where there are disturbances.

In one instance thirty men were dismissed and new ones employed at 15s. a week less: in other cases motor-drivers have either had to accept reduced wages, or get out. Result—scores of married men are on the "dole."

The unmarried men principally from districts where non-profitable collieries have closed down, have been on the "dole" so long that they have either had to accept the Government transfer scheme or go without unemployment insurance pay.

Many of them will go back to their home areas as soon as they get sufficient stamps on their cards again to warrant payment of the "dole," and others will take their places.

It is a tragic muddle.

His "memory"

It was with deep regret that we heard of the sudden death of Lady Marshall Hall.

A quiet but devoted companion of the great counsel, it is pleasant to remember the real and sustained interest she took in the fortunes of JOHN BULL.

Sir Edward once remarked: "If I ever forget anything which happens to be in the paper my wife can always tell me all about it."

They can pay

A vigorous new St. George is setting out in Parliament to wage war on the dragon of the industrial assurance companies.

He tackled the assurance dragon

He is Mr. W. Kelly, Labour M.P. for Rochdale, who has extracted from the Treasury the admission that the average dividend, free of tax, declared by the six largest industrial assurance companies for the year 1928 was 54 per cent. on the total paid-up share capital.

"This shows that the companies can afford to deal justly by their policy-holders," Mr. Kelly told JOHN BULL, "and I am determined to keep on pressing in Parliament for a further alteration of the law.

"Something has already been done, but not enough."

You pay for this

A large sum of public money is being spent by the Royal Commission on Licensing. Much of it goes towards the expense of bringing to London all sorts of people with interminable evidence to offer on purely side-issues.

Consider this sort of thing from one witness, who has passionate views on medicated wines:

"There should be a condition that no medicated wines should be sold except on a medical prescription given to the purchaser not more than three months previously. . . . There should be no display or advertisement of these wines in his (the chemist's) shop."

Is it worth while wasting time and money on this sort of talk? What connection have medicated wines with the real drink problem?

Overdone?

Lord Kylsant, the chairman of the White Star Line, has given orders for the suspension of work on the monster

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

(continued)

His eye is on the future

liner *Oceanic*, which was to have had a tonnage of over 60,000 tons.

Instead, two motor-vessels of only 27,000 tons are to take its place—the first of which is the *Britannic*, which is nearly completed.

The real reason for this change is that the directors of prominent British steamship lines are wondering whether there will be enough demand for passages and freight on the American-Europe route the next few years.

Competition has become so keen that they consider it wiser to build vessels of a moderate tonnage which can be transferred to other more profitable routes if necessary.

A gesture

Criticising Mr. J. H. Thomas' plans for relieving unemployment, the *New York World* compares them with President Hoover's plans after the gigantic Wall Street crash.

These were to speed-up the building and engineering trades, regardless of the ultimate destination of the productions—home or export. It was hoped that many unemployed Britishers would be absorbed by the scheme.

This "friendly wish of Americans generally for the nation which is battling so gallantly with difficult conditions" is gracious, and appreciated, and will do as much in cementing the Anglo-American friendship as these specially convened conferences.

For Darby and Joan

At last somebody has succeeded in building a reasonably cheap house.

The Thorne Rural Council, Yorkshire, has just put up eight houses at Sykehouse for £246 apiece. The figure, which is easily a record, excludes land, but includes paths, fences and drainage.

York Corporation is pioneering in another direction by designing houses specially for aged couples, whose needs are generally overlooked.

Grog rations

According to a report now being prepared by the Admiralty concerning drunkenness in the Navy, it is no longer an everyday occurrence to see a sailor "the worse for drink."

In the last two years it seems that at least 80 per cent. of the Navy are total abstainers when at sea, and although the best quality rum in the world is offered to them for the grog ration, very few take it except in stormy weather.

Hats off to Jack Tar, who, in spite of the reputation he has at times been given ashore, is still the finest sailor afloat.

Match Emperor

The Kreuger-Toll match-ring has made Ivar Kreuger, the young Stockholm financier, a much greater power in Europe than is generally recognised.

Its operations are now extending, for it is being backed by the most famous financial house in the world.

France having already surrendered her Government monopoly to the Swedish Crœsus, and the European match industry, as a whole, being pretty well under his thumb, North and South America and the Far East are being attacked.

Within the next five years, if all goes according to plan, nobody in the world will be able to strike a match without swelling Mr. Kreuger's bank account.

Seeing for themselves

Preparations are well in hand for public visits to our largest and finest liners as they lie at the docks. These trips, at so much a head, have proved very popular in past years.

What we would like to see are organised trips for the public to visit the docks and see the other side of the picture, to witness the conditions under which seamen in tramp-steamers are compelled to exist.

The immediate result would be a strong demand for vastly better conditions and tighter regulations.

Solomons indeed

In notable contrast to the usual treatment of unemployed who come before the Bench was the way in which the Macclesfield magistrates decided the case of John Stevenson and John Steward, who were charged with breaking and entering a platelayer's hut and stealing half a hundred-weight of coal.

In fact, they were tramping to Coventry in search of work, and they broke into the hut to rest and dry their clothes.

The magistrates bound them over, gave them tea, and had them placed on the train to Coventry with railway-tickets in their pockets.

We, who have had cause to complain of the justice of Justices of the Peace, are all the more glad to praise this merciful judgment.

Done

Mr. H. M. Hughes, of Burton-on-Trent, is an ex-Service man who received his discharge in 1918, permanently disabled. His left leg was amputated below the knee. For this he was given a 50 per cent. pension.

The length of the stump did not exceed 4 in., and his pension should have been calculated on the basis of 60 per cent.

We pressed this on the Ministry of Pensions, and Mr. Hughes has been granted £121 16s. arrears of pension, dating from September, 1919, and a permanent increase of £10 8s. a year.

Doom of Penistone

One of the consequences of rationalisation is shown by the closing down of Penistone Steel Works.

These famous works began to manufacture Bessemer steel about 1860, and for three generations the people of the neighbourhood have depended largely upon it for their livelihood.

Nine years ago Cammell, Laird and Co. spent a million and a half in bringing the works up to date.

Although the men work well and the product is excellent, rationalisation says it can be done cheaper elsewhere.

And so Penistone must perish. It sounds brutal and Robotish, doesn't it?

Lucky girl

Many persons, and especially girls in domestic service, are unaware of their rights under the Insurance Act. The approved society agents have the administration far too much under their control.

One domestic, with a widowed mother, received one week's illness money, and was told by the agent that she was not entitled to a further grant.

Later she was told—verbally of course—that she had been overpaid to the extent of 17s. 6d.

Luckily her employer was a solicitor, and he sent a polite little letter of enquiry.

But think how many workers are being robbed by unscrupulous agents.

Madmen in Manchester

We commend Mr. Thomas Walker, a member of the Manchester Board of Guardians, for exposing a cruel practice at the Crumpsall (Manchester) Institution.

It is monstrous that mental patients should be removed from the institution by train, instead of in one of the Police Law cars.

A well-known surveyor, who had taken poison owing to trade depression, was put on a train under escort. The man was not insane. He lost the respect of his old friends. Imagine his mental anguish and degradation.

But there is also a danger to the public. Patients may become violent on the train, and become more than the guard-keeper can control. This danger may happen then that will not be avoided.

Now, Manchester! Muddleton-on-the-Swamp.

Hall's well

Councillor George H. [illegible] chester, is a brave man. One's [illegible] soon, he is going to take [illegible] eleven to one of the Manchester Public parks and begin playing.

The team will not violate the [illegible] but they will break the by-laws of the council, of which Mr. H[illegible] a Labour member.

Doubtless the game will be stopped, but Mr. Hall will seek a remedy at law. His hope is that he will be prosecuted for playing Sunday games.

All JOHN BULL readers who want the freedom to use their own [illegible] in the week will wish him good luck.

Keeping him in jail

Another argument for unifying the legal codes of Great Britain has been brought to light by Sir. George Buchanan, M.P.

Light on a legal absurdity

One of his constituents obtained a bicycle on the hire purchase system and almost immediately afterwards lost it or it was stolen.

The man was sentenced to pay the money and costs, and in default he was sent to prison, where he could be kept so long as the fine remained unpaid. When supplied the machine was a gift payment to the prison authorities for his keep.

The Secretary for Scotland, Mr. Adamson, says he cannot intervene in this mediæval forfeit.

Desolation

One of the most ghastly phases of the unemployment crisis has come to our notice from Swansea.

According to the reports large numbers of families are becoming completely demoralised. After the children have left school they shelter under the family roof so long as they can work or are drawing the "dole."

When they cease to bring money home, their parents can no longer support them, and they go out.

Youths and young women in large numbers are sleeping out in all weathers wherever they can find shelter and spending their days begging for food and vainly looking for work.

Guilty of what?

A comedy with a most serious moral has been enacted at Grimsby.

Sidney Lobley, of Scunthorpe, picked up a passenger on an unlicensed bus while in the town, and was summoned to appear at the local police court for breaking the law.

Mr. John Stirling, the Chief Constable, explained that Lobley had been four times refused a licence to run a bus in Grimsby because it was considered there was already a sufficient service.

After hearing the case, the chairman of the magistrates said they would have to inflict a £1 fine.

Lobley, however, was told in the same breath that he was doing an excellent service by providing some competition.

What does Grimsby mean?

PITFALLS in the Gialdini Chase

by MAJOR-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS,

K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

"With regard to Gialdini, I profoundly disagree," says Sir Wyndham

It has been suggested with some emphasis that the evasion of the law by John Gialdini, the prominent though absent figure in the recent Hatry trial, indicates a flaw and a fundamental flaw, in the laws governing extradition. I venture to disagree profoundly.

Gialdini is an Italian, and the arrangements with Italy do not permit of an Italian subject being surrendered for trial by a British court.

Is it seriously suggested that this country should agree to surrendering an Englishman to the jurisdiction of a Fascist court? Or to the jurisdiction of a Soviet court in the Cheka and thence, perhaps, to Siberia? Or possibly to death for an offence against commercial integrity"?

There have been Russian citizens shot for this latter offence.

Extradition treaties are based on reciprocity. They are really "arrangements" which are made with foreign States under the Extradition Acts of 1870 and 1873.

Under these Acts, the Sovereign may, by Order in Council, direct that the provision of the Acts shall apply in the case of any foreign State, or he may, by a similar process, limit the operation of the order.

The order must recite the terms of the arrangement, and cannot remain in force for any longer period than the arrangement.

So far as this country is concerned, the whole basis upon which the laws of extradition are founded is that the fugitive criminal shall not be surrendered if the offence is political.

The law protects him in two ways.

If he can prove to the satisfaction of a police magistrate, or the court before whom he is brought under a writ of *habeas corpus*, or to the Secretary of State, that the request for his surrender has been made to try and punish him for a political offence, the law says he shall not be surrendered.

This is done to prevent a fugitive offender being extradited on some alleged criminal charge when in fact the intention really is to deal with him for political offences.

Could be shot

SEE what a coil of intrigue this might involve.

In this country, aliens who are fugitive offenders frequently lodge this plea without justification. Take your mind back to the siege of Sidney Street, London, and the old Russian regime.

Many Russian anarchists found sanctuary in this country for offences committed in Russia which would have meant death—or Siberia.

See the other side. We applied to the United States for the surrender of Trebitsch Lincoln on the charge of forgery, and he was surrendered to us on those grounds.

We tried him here and duly sentenced him, but we could also have tried and shot him as a spy.

As, however, we did not seek his extradition on that charge we did not offer it, and Lincoln, after serving his sentence, was allowed to leave the country unharmed.

This example would illustrate that we are innocent of a practice of seeking a man's extradition on one charge and charging him for others not disclosed in the demand for his surrender.

It is not easy to define what is or is not an offence of a political character.

In my judgment, it is dangerous to take too extensive a view of this question. An offender might suggest that he disagreed politically with his victim—he could even go as far as assassination, or, at any rate, serious assault and grievous bodily harm.

Every chance given

OUR laws are kindly towards the alien. If he is committed to prison to await his surrender, he cannot be so surrendered for fifteen days.

Again, if he is undergoing sentence in the United Kingdom, he cannot be surrendered until he has been discharged from prison.

Our extradition laws make it impossible for a fugitive offender to be "bundled" out of the country. It is only our high British sense of justice that allows him still to claim the relief which a writ of *habeas corpus* gives even after it has been decided that he shall be sent back to his own nation.

Give and take is the keynote of extradition so far as we are concerned. We only grant extradition if the offence of the fugitive is one recognised as a crime in this country.

We go so far as to give a list of these crimes so that foreign nations know the crimes upon which extradition can be requested.

There is an interesting case where, some years ago, the French preferred nineteen charges under their laws against an offender whom they wanted. Of these, only four were offences under our laws, and the remaining fifteen disclosed no offence.

One particular offence is regarded in this country so seriously that it is punishable by penal servitude. In Germany it is not regarded as a crime at all.

So nations differ in their ideas of crime.

Now, in regard to Gialdini. Any alteration in our present "arrangement" with Italy which would involve his surrender must, of necessity, be reciprocal.

Here arises a point of even greater magnitude—that is, the kind of punishment given in foreign countries.

The apache from the slums of Marseilles is properly sent to Devil's Island. I do not think that he would benefit under our penal code, either under the Borstal system, or by being sent to Maidstone Prison to be entertained into righteousness by the band of one of our distinguished regiments.

Let our laws stand!

DOES any Englishman understand the procedure which is adopted in a murder trial in France, where the plea of "*crime passionelle*" is not only tolerated, but frequently accepted?

Vaquier, the French poisoner, who was tried and executed for murder, did not understand the procedure of English courts, and his impassioned appeal when he was sentenced to death will, no doubt, be remembered.

The recent trial of Pinet for the alleged murder of Miss Branson is an illuminating example of the methods of arrest and trial as adopted by French courts, where the prosecutor is permitted to shout accusations at the accused in the dock.

Would this country tolerate such procedure?

If the answer is "No," it may be somewhat disturbing to realise that in 1909 a treaty was concluded with France removing the safeguards as to the surrender to France of British subjects.

So, as a matter of fact, the situation which I have, with considerable restraint, described, in so far as France is concerned, is possible.

An Englishman after his extradition might one day end his career on Devil's Island—which seems to be a place fit only for devils.

Our "arrangement" with France makes this possible, but whether it is desirable is another matter.

Reciprocity is a double-edged sword, and I say, Let our extradition laws stand!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

—But, the Last Laugh?

Revenge for the Strike—Libel on the Troops—Portia's Love-birds

Signor (alias Mr.) JOHN GIALDINI,
Varesse, Italy (please forward)

BRAVE SIR,—Sequestered on Italian soil,
Sleeping on down, and dining off the best,
Counting the crop of your financial toil,
While Hatry does the gleaning farther West,
You worked the trick the true financial way:
To get out quick and leave the mugs to pay.
And yet, maybe, you sometimes start and blanch,
And stretch your ear for news of Mussolini.
For at San Remo there's a motor-launch
Primed for another flight of Gialdini.
Well, we shall read of your arrest with cheers
Your neat departure, sir, made not a few sick—
Leaving your braver brother buccaneers
(Although you called the tune) to face the music.
I trust the full account will soon be paid,
And England will blot out your private trade:
A notice on the board, and on the wall,
That ancient Scriptural warning: "Mene, mene,
Tekel, upharsin," will proclaim the fall
Of all the slinking kind of Gialdini.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. TERENCE J. O'CONNOR, K.C.,
Swerford Park, Oxon

DEAR SIR,—Your Safeguarding speech has spiked Lord Beaverbrook's guns, so far as Nottingham is concerned, and Mr. Terrell has had to say that he can't stand against a thorough-going Safeguarder.

Does he notice, by the way, that you are *not* a thorough-going Protectionist?

You speak in an impartial and judicial way. I trust you will later tell your constituents that any sort of jiggering with duties won't do much for a home trade that lacks initiative.

Give a word to the farmers. And then ask the Government if it is prepared to do and spend as much to settle the unemployed on the land in England as it is to settle them in the Dominions.

That's the crux of it. The land!

JOHN BULL.

The Rt Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear that the Government intends to introduce the Trade Disputes Amendment Bill this session.

The Act was rushed through at the moment when the unions were discouraged by the issue of the coal lock-out and the general strike.

Here, said some of the victorious bosses, was the chance to cripple the unions once and for all.

But I am sure that Mr. Baldwin, though he yielded weakly to his extremists and his Party paymasters, realised that the Act must be reversed. We cannot carry on the economic government of the country on the principle of revenge.

So now is *your* chance.

JOHN BULL.

The Most Rev. W. TEMPLE, D.D.,
Archbishop of York

YOUR GRACE,—It is distressing to learn that the worthy rector of Leconfield, in your diocese, is so poorly paid that when sorely stricken in health not only has he been compelled to enter a Poor Law hospital to undergo a necessary operation, but his wife and nine children have been forced to apply to the guardians for outdoor relief.

It is not surprising that there is a scarcity of candidates for ordination when those who break down in the service of the Church militant may find themselves in such a pitiable plight.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. O. M. W. SPRAGUE,
Professor of Banking, Harvard Univ.

DEAR SIR,—How delightful it is to hear that you are coming over in July to be the economic and statistical adviser to the Bank of England!

No doubt one of your duties will be to regulate the export of British money to pay the American debt.

But your chief business will be to teach the Bank of England something about finance. Enterprising finance, I am sure; well-balanced and patriotic, I hope.

Patriotic, I mean, from the English point of view, which, of course, you will now adopt.

Plainly, there was no Englishman fit for the job; which is a mournful thought. But what luck to get you. How do the States come to let you go?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RONALD GURNER,
Headmaster, Whitgift School, Croydon

SIR,—We are sick of these attempts—of which your book, "Pass Guard at Ypres," is the last and worst—to paint the ordinary British soldier of the last war as an abject coward.

You lay the damnable emphasis of your accusation on "the Derby recruits and those who came after them." But the early volunteers know what staunch comrades were these later comers.

Of course, there were examples of nerves going. But when you endorse the opinion of your hero that "it's only rum that will get the men out of their shell-holes," and picture typical British conscripts being driven into the front line with pistols, you are wrong.

Go on preaching that war is all bunkum; but stop your bunkum about this war.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HECTOR CAMPBELL, J.P.,
Land Holder, Isle of Mull

SIR,—You have been convicted at Oban Sheriff Court of a charge of seriously assaulting a half-witted youth boarded out with you by Glasgow Parish Council, by catching him by the throat, knocking him down, and repeatedly striking him on the face with your fists.

As you were entrusted with the care of the poor lad, to whom Glasgow Parish Council expected you to act as a father, I consider that the fine of 30s. inflicted upon you was totally inadequate.

I trust the Secretary for Scotland will erase your name forthwith from his list of Justices of the Peace.

JOHN BULL.

Judge Sir ALFRED TOBIN, K.C.,
Westminster County Court

MELANCHOLY SIR,—A woman solicitor, making an application before you, wore a dark-blue coat and hat, but the coat was open, revealing a dark-green dress with two love-birds embroidered on it.

You immediately clipped their wings, ordering all lawyers who come before you to be robed in darkness, black or dark-blue only being consistent with the dignity of Westminster County Court.

Alas! when a quarter of a century ago you engaged in political combat with the late T. P. O'Connor and he returned your attack with the sentence, "Mr. Tobin eventually will become a County Court judge," he can not have realised how dismal that fate would be, for he was a humane man.

JOHN BULL.

Sir C. W. RAWSON ROYDS,
Deputy-Commissioner of Police

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an official announcement inviting applications for a number of clerkships in the office of the Commissioner of Police at a salary of £160 upwards.

The advertisement states that a fee of 5s. will be payable with application form and a further 15s. if the applicant is interviewed with a view to appointment.

This is monstrous. Of what use is it my fulminating against the iniquities of employment agencies in this very respect so long as Scotland Yard shows them such a deplorable example?

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

HON. WALTER D. GIBBS: "Interim dividends are a sign of regular and assured prosperity."

True in your genuine concerns, but sometimes they are simply part of the confidence trick.

* * *

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL: "My experience of life does not at all support the proposition that as a man grows older he grows wiser."

So few attain the wisdom of realising their own limitations.

* * *

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.: "Economically, we are travelling far from the complacency of pre-war days."

Any complacency we may feel is rudely shattered by the post-war income-tax collector.

Not from 2LO—Mr. Harry Day, M.P.

"EVERY DAY *in* EVERY WAY—"

A T orat'ry I'm not a "star,"
There are others more fluent by far;
Yet columns and columns of "Hansard" I fill,
And Ministers find me the bitterest pill.

Each day in the House I arise
And ask for most detailed replies
To numerous questions that stand in my name,
For this is my method of seeking for fame.

In Whitehall the bureaucrats sweat
(And add to the National Debt)
In trying to slake my insatiable thirst
For knowledge—I simply must have it or burst.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, mine is the proud privilege of having asked more questions than any other M.P. Once Comrade Kenworthy was in the running for the Curiosity Stakes, but nobody can now deny that the House of Commons contains nothing more curious than Harry Day.

As a showman, I naturally know what's behind the scenes. So when I became M.P., I resolved to fill the rôle of interlocutor in the Westminster Vaudeville Show.

As long as I retain my passion for knowledge, there is no danger of unemployment in Whitehall. In five years I have asked about 5,500 questions. It is only by doing research work by night that Civil Servants can keep pace with Day.

Some people try to detract from the value of my record by pointing out that the cost of answering Parliamentary questions is a guinea per question, and these carpers doubt whether the £5,750 that has already been spent on my political education is justified by results.

It has even been suggested that the day may come when a Minister, instead of replying courteously to my twenty-seventh supplementary question, will emulate the irate father who snarled at his inquisitive offspring: "Oh! eat yer damned bun!"

But such criticism will not deter me. If I went home to-night and found a stray dog in my garden, I would to-morrow ask the Home Secretary: (*a*) How many dogs are there in the country? (*b*) What are the numbers of each sex? (*c*) What are their principal reasons for being dogs?

I simply cannot live without my daily dose of information, and my "little list" is by no means exhausted.

"Why does a chicken cross the road?
I've never fully heard.
The Minister of Transport should
Discover, for the public good,
The object of the bird.

To find out "What's the longest time
Between drinks" I will strive.
Also, I mean with might and main
To set to work and ascertain
"How many beans make five."

And then there's that important point
Concerning where flies go
In winter. Ministers have tried
For years the salient facts to hide.
But I intend to know, you know,
I really mean to know!

Fifteen Years a BOGUS DOCTOR

A FEW weeks ago Dr. Frederick William Hall, of Sydney, New South Wales, did not receive his usual copy of a medical journal to which he is a subscriber.

He communicated with its publishers in London, who explained that they had been erroneously informed that Hall had died recently at Middlesbrough on board the Peninsular and Oriental liner *Berrima*, and that his name had been erased from the Medical Register.

Behind this simple incident lies the most astounding episode of impersonation and imposture ever associated with the medical profession and the mercantile marine.

For nearly fifteen years, an ex-convict, with no medical qualifications whatever, has been masquerading as Hall of Sydney and sailing the high seas as ship's surgeon in vessels of the P. and O. line.

Frederick Hall, it happens, was also a real name, but his middle name was Thomas, not William.

To the great number of people to whom Hall has ministered since 1915 on voyages between Great Britain, Australia, India, China and Japan it will come as a shock to learn from our investigation that the courtly and affable surgeon was a rogue and cheat of the worst type.

Gold braid

It was Hall's boast to his friends that he was the most smartly-attired officer in the liner services to the Orient. He certainly did not spare expense in providing himself with elegant kit in which to play his fraudulent part.

Often he fascinated audiences in the smoke-rooms of the ships with his accounts of naval and military exploits which won for him the three rows of ribbons that adorned his jacket-breast. The adventures were like the decorations—figments of his imagination.

Hall's record was a terrible one even before he imposed for so long upon the passengers and crews of ocean liners as a surgeon and physician.

The son of a farmer, he was born sixty-nine years ago in Yorkshire. He was incorrigible even in his boyhood, and, after being expelled from several schools, was despatched to Australia as a ne'er-do-well.

For years he lived by his wits in the bush and gold-diggers' camps. Then, in the '80's, to escape a police hunt for him in the wilds, he changed his name to Thornycroft Hall, and appeared in Townsville, North Queensland, as an Army doctor on furlough from Britain.

While in Townsville he married the daughter of a Northumberland shipowner and coalmaster, who was visiting an Australian cattle-station with English friends.

Wife's jewels

We have before us a copy of the certificate of marriage, performed by the late Bishop Stanton, in which Hall not only gave a false name and age, but described himself as a medical practitioner, born at Bangalore, India, and the son of a fictitious major-general of the British Army.

In the weeks before his marriage Hall obtained from his fiancée all her money and jewels, which he made over to a host of creditors who were harassing him.

The first years of her married life were wretched for the woman he had deceived.

To evade arrest for early crimes, he took her into the hinterland, hundreds of miles from civilisation, and there, living an almost barbarian life, compelled her to exist on fish caught from the rivers and wild birds killed with stone and stick.

When time had been given for the police chase to die down, Hall emerged from his hiding-place in the bush and tried his luck, without success, at abandoned gold-diggings.

Once he came within an ace of making his fortune. He struck gold at a location which the pioneers had overlooked, and proceeded to register the claim and form a syndicate.

In doing so, he had to disclose his identity, and soon a swarm of creditors descended upon him and seized his share in the mine, which afterwards became one of the most prosperous gold-bearing properties in Australia.

"He fascinated audiences in the ship's smoke-room." Frederick Hall on deck

Once more Hall assumed the pose of a doctor, although he had not the slightest training either in medicine or surgery.

By means of forged papers, he entered the service of a group of Australian insurance companies as their medical referee.

Election agent

In that capacity for years he examined applicants for life assurance and assessed claims for accident benefits, workmen's compensation, and the like.

So peculiar were the results of some of his examinations that he was called before a board of experts, who unmasked him as an impostor.

With the police again at his heels, he fled to London.

By further misrepresentation, Hall enlisted himself in a political Party, and became election-agent for a candidate in a Parliamentary division of Westminster.

His next adventure was as manager of a British company's sisal-grass plantation in the West Indies.

The appointment was obtained after he had presented a learned treatise on the culture and manufacture of this fibre, but it soon transpired that he had no knowledge of the practical side of the subject.

His brochure had been prepared from material he had obtained from the Curator of Kew Gardens and the library of the British Museum.

From the West Indies, Hall had to get away in a rowing-boat to escape the vengeance of a lynching crowd. A native boy had been mauled by him almost to death.

Driven out

He was pursued as a fugitive from island to island in the Bahamas, but eventually found refuge in a schooner making for the United States.

There he was soon imprisoned for frauds, and was afterwards likewise dealt with for similar offences at Montreal, Valleyfield, and other places in Canada.

When Hall returned to Britain he became a book-canvasser; but a sheaf of warrants for his arrest on charges of robbery and obtaining money by false pretences led to successive sentences which he served in Wandsworth, Edinburgh and Bristol prisons.

A few days after his release from Bristol Jail in 1915, Hall called at the offices of the General Medical Council in London, and, representing that he was Dr. F. W. Hall, of Sydney, obtained a certified copy of that doctor's qualifications from the Medical Register.

Years of service

With this document, he went to the offices of the P. and O. Company, and obtained appointment as ship's surgeon in the liner *Ballarat*, which was sunk two years later by an enemy submarine.

A certificate of service, prepared by the Registrar-General of Shipping, reveals that Hall was ship's surgeon in the liners *Ballarat, Namur, China, Kashmir, Mongolia, Mantua, Karmala, Naldera, Bendigo, Berrima, Khyber, Kalyan.*

Among the records of the Board of Trade are certificates relating to sickness, disease, accident and death signed by Hall on long-distance voyages during the past fifteen years.

An imposture of this kind is as dangerous as can be conceived.

The least that can be expected from our exposure of Hall's amazing record and trickery is that joint action will be taken speedily by the General Medical Council, the Board of Trade, and the shipping companies to make repetition of the deception impossible.

Showroom: SHOW UP!

ALTHOUGH there is a lull in big crime at the moment, the police are receiving many complaints which show that numerous people will find it highly profitable to exploit the unemployed.

A flagrant example occurred at Liverpool recently, where an advertisement appeared in a local paper calling for a manager for a new gramophone showroom.

One man who applied for the post was very impressed by the beautiful work and an interview with the advertiser, a Mr John James Maitland, only served to confirm the opinion that the new business was likely to flourish.

Mr. Maitland was a most charming man, and in proudly displaying the stock he told the applicant that the man he selected must be prepared to give a deposit of £200 by way of security.

The selected man would, on the other hand, be in sole charge of all stock and be responsible for all cash taken.

Mr. Maitland said he had already booked orders to the extent of several hundred pounds.

The account-books which he produced seemed perfectly in order, so the applicant eventually paid over £200 and agreed to start on a specified date.

But when he reported for duty as arranged, he found that the magnificent showrooms had been completely stripped and that Mr. John James Maitland had disappeared.

We are very sorry for this £200 investor, who has undoubtedly lost his money.

* * *

This man Maitland is a singularly clever rascal, who has secured quite a number of victims—and is not content merely with imposing upon the unemployed.

In this particular instance he only rented the showrooms on a short lease, and all the impressive stock that he displayed had been obtained on credit and has not been paid for to this day.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL Infection Mystery

WHAT is the mystery behind the isolation of several children at the South-Eastern Hospital for Children at Lower Sydenham, London, S.E.?

Rumours are current in the neighbourhood that a very grave scandal is being "hushed up" there, and we feel that, in the interests of the hospital staff, as well as the public, the Minister of Health should institute enquiries at once.

A little girl of three, suffering from a mild attack of pneumonia, was admitted to the hospital during Christmas week because her mother, having a young baby in arms, and being herself in ill-health, was unable to give her adequate attention at home.

• • •

A fortnight later, when the mother visited the hospital to see her child, she learnt with astonishment that although the girl had recovered from the illness for which she had been admitted, she was now being detained in one of the isolation-wards in company with a number of other children.

Upon pressing for further details of this unexpected development, the mother was assured that everything was perfectly all right and that her child's condition was "quite comfortable."

Daily telephonic requests for news by puzzled parents brought reassuring bulletins from the hospital authorities; but when the mother again visited the institution, after the interval of a week, she discovered that her child was still isolated.

Moreover, some further children were now in the isolation-wards, amongst them a seven-months-old baby.

• • •

The mother naturally grew very alarmed, and, demanding an explanation, was told to her horror that her little daughter had become infected with a nauseous complaint.

Terribly distraught, the poor mother conveyed this incredible news to her husband, who hastened to the hospital, to be told that the isolated children had been infected by a disease that had been traced too late to one small patient who had brought it into the hospital unawares.

This little child is still there, lying in an isolation-ward, and no definite tidings can be obtained as to how she is affected or how long it will be before she is well again and free to return to her home.

• • •

One of our representatives visited the hospital to ascertain the real position.

Observing on a notice-board that the resident hospital staff consisted of two doctors, a matron and assistant-matron and one house sister, our representative asked to see one of the resident medical officers.

Instead of his request being granted, he was seen by the secretary, who stated that he was unable to discuss the question.

A second request to see the matron met with refusal, the secretary remarking that she could give no details, as the matter was entirely "medical."

Further requests to see one or other of the medical officers met with no more success, and our representative was assured that the question was one entirely for the Hospital Committee to decide.

As this committee is composed of doctors who only visit the institution in an honorary capacity, it is difficult to understand why neither of the two resident lady doctors, who, being on the spot, must know the facts, could be interviewed.

Why should there be any need for secrecy? And why, if the allegation could have been refuted there and then, was a direct denial not given?

It is interesting to note that in order to get to the secretary's room one has to leave the main building and climb a number of iron steps leading to the top story of another block.

The way lies past the isolation-wards and our representative could see the segregated infants in their cots.

• • •

The unanswered rumours that gain ground so rapidly in a case of this kind do not help the hospital to maintain its reputation.

We strongly urge the committee to clear up the matter by issuing an explanatory statement.

Dame Janet Campbell, who, as Senior Medical Officer at the Health Ministry, should be interested in this case

Sir Philip Dawson, the local M.P., might ask a question or two

RAPID RADIO RAMP

A CONCERN called the Radio Equipment Company has lately been writing to people in various parts of the country offering wireless accessories at bargain prices.

The firm's letter-heading, which is suggestive of stability, gives the headquarters as being in King Street, Hammersmith, and refers to a branch at Chiswick.

In spite of the attractiveness of the offers, we urge readers to send no money, but to hand the company's letter to the nearest police-station.

The Radio Equipment Company represents the convenient trading alias for a highly successful rogue named A. G. Fletcher, who is using it as a medium for his cunning double coups.

The articles which he is so generously offering through the post are all things that he has obtained from honest traders by false pretences, and it is only necessary to give one instance to show the methods he employs.

• • •

He recently telephoned to the warehouse of a Chelsea manufacturing firm and placed an order, which he subsequently confirmed in writing upon his impressive business notepaper.

Then he called in person, and, pretending that he required the goods more urgently than he had at first imagined, induced the firm to accept his cheque on the spot.

That cheque, drawn on the Walham Green branch of the Midland Bank, has since come back "R.D.," and enquiry shows that it was one from a stolen book

Mr. Fletcher cannot now be found, but as he is sure to commence operating again from a new centre, the foregoing particulars should serve to put the public on their guard.

Land Scheme Fraud Exposed

WHERE is Mr. James Wyndham at present hiding? A number of people are anxious to meet the man possessing this and other names, but for some little time now he has contrived to remain in obscurity.

His dislike of publicity is well founded, for he has been engaged in business of a decidedly fraudulent character, and he will have much to answer for once he is caught.

He was the moving spirit behind a company known as Wyndham's Commercial Agency, Ltd., which he formed with a nominal capital of £6,000, with the ostensible object of promoting a land-development business.

• • •

What he actually did was to advertise for reliable workers to join him in his enterprise, and the story of one of his victims is, broadly speaking, the story of them all.

The man we have in mind replied to one of Mr. Wyndham's tempting advertisements, and was ultimately given an interview at the head office of Wyndham's Commercial Agency, Ltd., in Tottenham Court Road, London.

He found Mr. Wyndham to be a pleasant man of middle age, with a bald head and a closely-clipped moustache.

• • •

In the course of conversation, Mr. Wyndham referred proudly to his home at New Malden, Surrey, and enlarging upon his aims and objects, explained that he had already established branches at Kingston and Highgate.

He had a vacancy at one of these branches, which he was prepared to offer to this applicant provided he could invest £200 as a sign of good faith.

The opportunity, he stressed, would not be available for long, but he felt confident that no one would ever regret "coming in" with him "on the ground floor" in this way.

The applicant, a married man who had had a run of bad luck, was genuinely impressed, and though he was without funds himself, he raised £200 from relatives and friends.

In due course he was posted to one of the branches, but his own personal experience did not confirm the rosy assurances given by Mr. Wyndham.

Although the branch office was a busy enough thoroughfare, there seemed to be very little business going on inside the office itself.

However, the investing employee decided to hang on and await developments, for from what Mr. Wyndham had told him a "big campaign" was shortly to open.

Nothing happened, however, and at the end, growing tired of twiddling his thumbs in the branch office, the employee thought he would stroll along to headquarters and ask his chief if he could make himself more useful there.

• • •

He received a nasty shock. The head office was closed, and no one could tell him where Mr. James Wyndham had gone.

Further enquiry showed, though, that he was not the only person waiting for the land-development scheme and that quite a number of other trusting souls had parted with sums running into thousands in return for appointments that had proved unsatisfactory.

We hope that this absconding swindler will soon be found to explain away his cruel behaviour.

HORSE-THIEF in "High Finance"

Crook Leader in Many Swindles

BEHIND a seemingly innocent appeal for capital on the part of a concern called the Farmers' General Merchants Company, Ltd., of 50, New Church Road, London, S.E., lies an amazing story of a master-crook, a rogue of many parts, with a positive genius as an organiser of crime.

The appeal, which is for investments in the sums of £200, is being made through the medium of advertisements.

The public is being given to understand that the money will be utilised for the development of the company's business, which is primarily concerned in dealing in market produce and agricultural supplies.

We say unhesitatingly that any invitation from this company should be shunned, and we hope that this warning will be in time to save the public from losing even a penny.

Frank only by name

The rogue whom we have discovered to be behind the scenes is a Mr. Wentworth Sanders, who also passes, as occasion demands, as Roy Wentworth-Sanders, Edgar Sanders and Frank Sanders.

The Farmers' General Merchants Company, Ltd., was formed for Sanders by a notorious company "specialist" in Chancery Lane as recently as last June, with the ostensible purpose of acquiring a business then supposed to be carried on by Sanders and another at New Church Road.

But as we have discovered that Sanders emerged from jail only a little while before the formation of his company, after serving a long term of hard labour for a series of complicated frauds, the value of this "acquisition" seems doubtful.

Since the limited company was registered, too, there have been some very serious complaints lodged against Sanders by numerous people who have been badly let down.

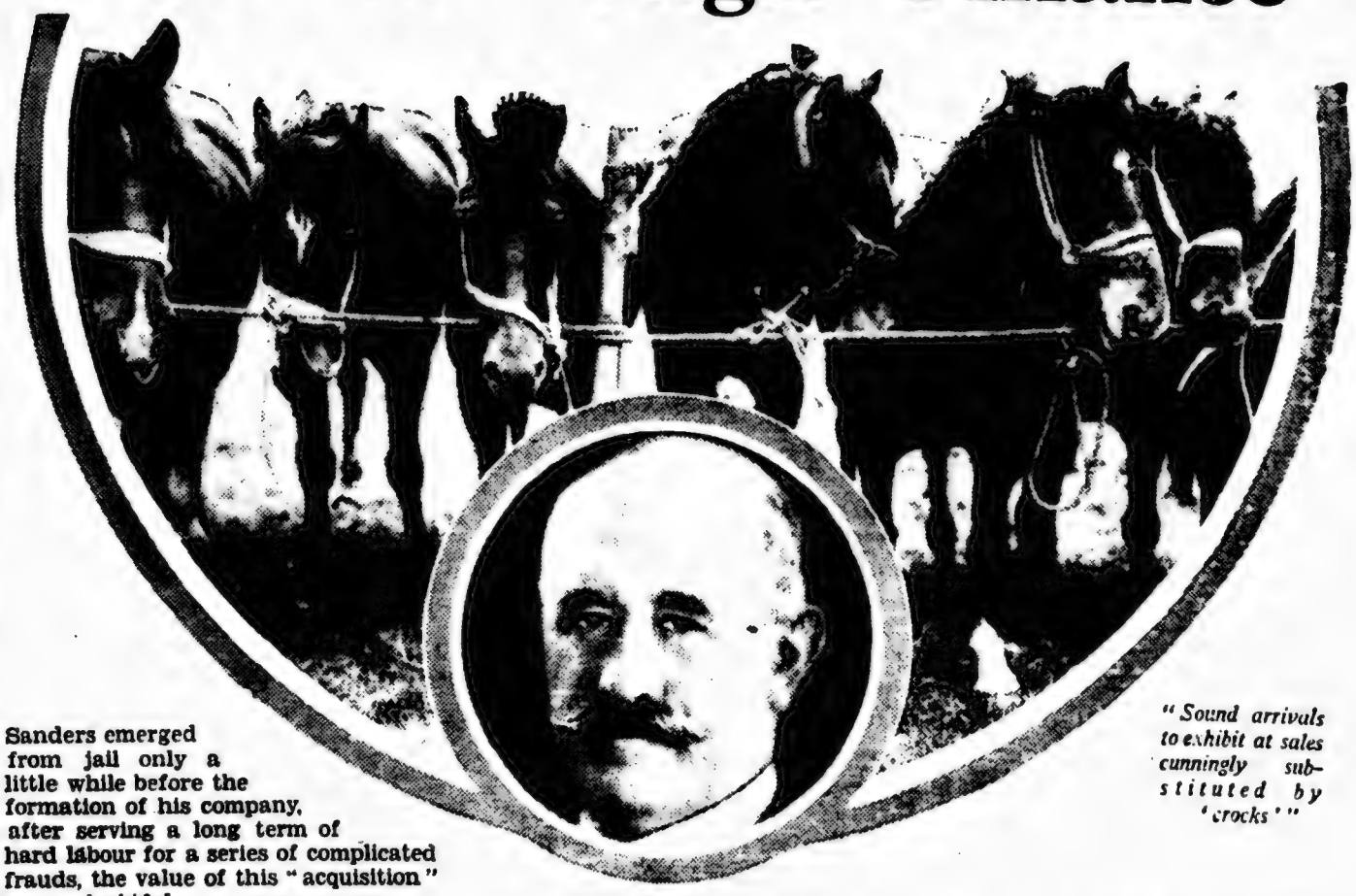
One of Sanders' first moves was to order three motor-lorries from a dealer in South-West London, and, after considerable discussion, in which Sanders proved most impressive in speech and manner, it was arranged that the purchase should be completed by a series of bills of exchange.

The lorries were duly delivered, and no hitch occurred until the first bill fell due to be met.

Upon being presented at the bank on which it was drawn, it was promptly returned dishonoured.

The bank manager had been compelled to close the account owing to Sanders' highly unsatisfactory financial methods.

The motor-dealer is still unpaid, and he is not the only person who has been victimised by Sanders.



"Sound arrivals to exhibit at sales cunningly substituted by 'crocks'"

Mr. Charles Hawkins, President of the Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading, should follow Sanders' movements

Ex-convict helpers

A number of farmers who have supplied tons of potatoes, beetroot and other produce on credit have been unable to obtain payment, as a result of which there have been stormy scenes at New Church Road, where Sanders often has a strong following of other ex-convicts.

The goods that he obtains from farmers on credit are quickly disposed of through some of his followers at "knock-down" prices.

Sanders, who has devoted a lifetime to crime, is one of the worst swindlers alive, and can boast remarkable versatility.

One of his first offences was stealing horses from grazing-fields and selling them at remote markets.

Later, with the aid of criminal accomplices, whom he financed, Sanders embarked upon a series of bigger deals in horses.

He obtained a number of sound animals to exhibit at sales, and, after finding farmer-purchasers, cunningly substituted "crocks," and disappeared with the money before the deceptions were discovered.

Long-firm sideline

Among his many other activities, Sanders, who is known to his intimate associates as "Wag" Sanders, has been concerned in various long-firm frauds in which countless people have been duped and in which Sanders has enriched himself by huge sums.

Most of the money so obtained was used by him to finance fresh criminal schemes, in which he included a number of ex-convict companions amongst his partners.

One of Sanders' many spells in jail was earned for receiving, among other things, a motor-lorry, the body of which had been ingeniously disguised, while false number-plates had been substituted.

His present activities under the cloak of the Farmers' General Merchants Company, Ltd., should claim the immediate attention of the police, or Sanders will assuredly add very considerably to his long list of victims.

TREAD LIGHTLY *on this Rug!*

MR. G. ROGERS, trading as the Yorks Rug Company, of Redcar, Yorks, is in the habit of advertising in provincial papers for "homeworkers," to whom is held out the hope of weekly returns ranging from 30s. to £3 10s.

The plan is to make rugs, mats and other floor-coverings, the materials being mostly textile waste which can be bought locally.

No previous experience is necessary, it seems, and the Yorks Rug Company is ready to appoint "a certain number of working agents" on generous terms.

At least, instead of charging "the usual guinea," it expresses a readiness to accept 5s. 6d., promising in return, "clear working instructions, permit to use the process, and a free supply of materials with a sample of the finished work."

It is content, it declares philanthropically, to make a small profit on the resale of agents' finished rugs.

It also undertakes to refund the 5s. 6d. when the first twelve standard hearthrugs have been completed, providing they have been made "as instructed" and with the company's materials.

A Bognor Regis reader who parted with 5s. 6d. received a thin piece of tape, a few pieces of cloth, and some tin and leather washers.

There was also a sample fragment of finished matting, with instructions; but it would be necessary to buy special tools from the Yorks Rug Company at an outlay of £1 7s. 6d. and a supply of cloth at £2.

The founder of the Yorks Rug Co.

Our reader wisely decided to write off the 5s. 6d. as the price of buying experience, and proceeded no further.

If he had followed more closely his JOHN BULL he might have been spared even this loss.

It is necessary for the "working agents" to complete twelve standard hearthrugs before they can claim a refund of 5s. 6d. from the Yorks Rug Company.

"No other work can offer you the same prospects," says Mr. Rogers. We beg to differ.

EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT

MARCH 17

SECOND THOUGHTS *Worth £500*

A STORY of how second thoughts proved to be worth £500 was told by Mrs. A. H. Geyer, of 52, Thornwood Avenue, Partick, Glasgow, the winner of our Crossword Competition No. 46.

"I've always had an idea that I'd win JOHN BULL'S £500," she said, "and I've tried since the beginning of the Crosswords."

"But," she added, "I nearly missed my opportunity when it came. I had filled in the form and then I changed one letter. The alteration was obvious, so I laid aside the form, thinking that my effort would be disqualified.

"Then later, when I was out shopping, I bought another copy of JOHN BULL, filled up the fresh form, and sent it off.

"And wasn't it lucky that I did!"

Mrs. Geyer is an elderly lady, the mother of a grown-up family.

Her husband is an artist; pictures from his brush hang about the room; "but," Mrs. Geyer added, "nobody is buying pictures just now."

When Mrs. Geyer went to tell her husband—he is seventy-three years of age and they have been married forty-two years—it sounded good to hear his deep bass voice exclaim: "What! won £500! Oh, congratulations, my dear; congratulations."

And it looked good, too, to see Mrs. Geyer's happy smile.

KOTALKO'S TRIUMPH AS A HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Are you losing hair? Becoming BALD perhaps? Have you thin, dry or scanty hair, or dandruff?

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Complete New Growth

Nr. Nuneaton.

I had no hair on my head at all, not a single hair. At the General Hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this.

Seeing how many had got new hair by using Kotalko Treatment, I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap and used them for a few minutes every day. The new hair soon began to grow, and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say. **I now have a complete new growth of hair in natural colour** after having been perfectly bald.

James Bindley.

Big Bald Patch

Bedlington.

My Husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup, on which there was not a single hair.

We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different and even our doctor had given up all hope.

We were recommended to send for Kotalko and it was the **best investment we have ever made.**

We are sending you a photograph showing the condition of my husband's head now, by which you will see that we have much to be thankful for, and **we shall never fail to recommend Kotalko.**

W. Jobson.

Friends Astonished

Nr. Alfriston.

I had lost all my hair. It began to fall out in patches, and within a very short time **I was completely bald.**

Seeing Kotalko advertised, I decided to try it, for although I had been using an ointment given to me by the doctor, no progress was evident.

The action of Kotalko was marvellous, for before many weeks had passed I was once more the possessor of a head of lovely, wavy hair.

All our friends are astonished with the **new growth.**

C. Bennett.

Do not Despair, But Try Kotalko.

MANY who had given up hope after using numerous remedies without result are now happy in possessing fine heads of hair through the use of Kotalko.

The originals of all these letters and photographs are on file. They are but a few of the thousands of letters of recommendation and praise for Kotalko the True Hair Grower, in which customers testify to the following benefits:—

New hair on bald heads.
Scurf removed.
Falling hair stopped.
New hair on thin places.
Scalp supple and comfortable.
New life in the hair.
Lustrous, glossy appearance.
Thicker and longer growth.
New growth on bald patches.
New growth where hair was lost through burns or X-ray treatment.

100,000 TEST BOXES

Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send for a text box at once. A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made. To obtain a box it is only necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

Send or Copy this COUPON.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose Threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

J. HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy St. (53 P.L.), London, W.1

Marvellous Results

Newport.

When I began using Kotalko my scalp was like an egg, so I was sceptical of success. However, I decided to give Kotalko a trial, and the **results were so satisfactory** that I continued with it for six months, and my photograph will show you what a **great success** Kotalko has been.

My head during the period I was using Kotalko was constantly under **inspection by people who had doubts as to the growing power of Kotalko,** all of whom are now astonished at the marvellous results obtained.

I have a fine head of hair now, which is still growing and is in a healthy condition.

Ernest Stroud.

Hair Stopped Falling.

Kings Lynn.

Before using Kotalko I had several bald patches and the rest of my hair was dry and brittle, and **constantly falling.** I tried two or three preparations, but without satisfaction.

After using Kotalko for one month, there was a wonderful improvement in the general hair growth, and **soon** after **new** hair could be seen coming along **on the bald spots.** Now after using four boxes, my hair is in **splendid condition** and looks as well as it ever did. The new growth on the bald patches is the same colour and just as curly as the rest of my hair. I am glad I did not give up hope.

H. A. Ward.

Splendid Hair Growth

Nr. Rotherham.

I was a perfect object without a particle of hair. A doctor's treatment did not make the **slightest difference.** I then tried many sorts of hair restorers, but still without results, and I got **quite** downhearted, as I thought I was going to be bald for the rest of my life.

I then sent for a sample of Kotalko, after which I used four boxes, and to my great surprise I found that my hair was beginning to show signs of [illegible], and now twelve months after I first began using Kotalko, **I have obtained a splendid growth of hair,** as my photograph will show you, the new hair also being its natural colour.

Augustus Dale.

FOR CATARRH

"NOSTROLINE" 1/3.

"Nostroline" gives instant relief from [illegible] Catarrh. It clears the nasal [illegible] eases your breathing. Allays [illegible] stops discharge. Only 1/3; all [illegible]

YOUR NOSE NEEDS "NOSTROLINE"

GRAVES WIRELESS OFFER

'Vulcan' 2-Valve Outfit is the World's Finest Value.

Cabinet (as illustrated) of polished [illegible] with sliding lid; all parts (including valves) [illegible] Emitter Detector and Power Valves, [illegible] Valve holders. No coils to change. [illegible] Battery; 3-volt Accumulator; [illegible] Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER (as illustrated) in Oak to match set. [illegible] the 'four pole' balanced armature [illegible] with large magnet. Price complete & Carriage Paid £7.17.6

Terms: 10/6 with Order, & 13 6 Monthly.

10/6 NOW

ANOTHER WIRELESS BARGAIN OFFER.

The Graves [illegible] 2-Valve [illegible] not [illegible] here [illegible] Cabinet as [illegible] speaker [illegible] highest [illegible] Car case [illegible] £12.15.0

Terms 15 and 25 -

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Cold on the Chest?

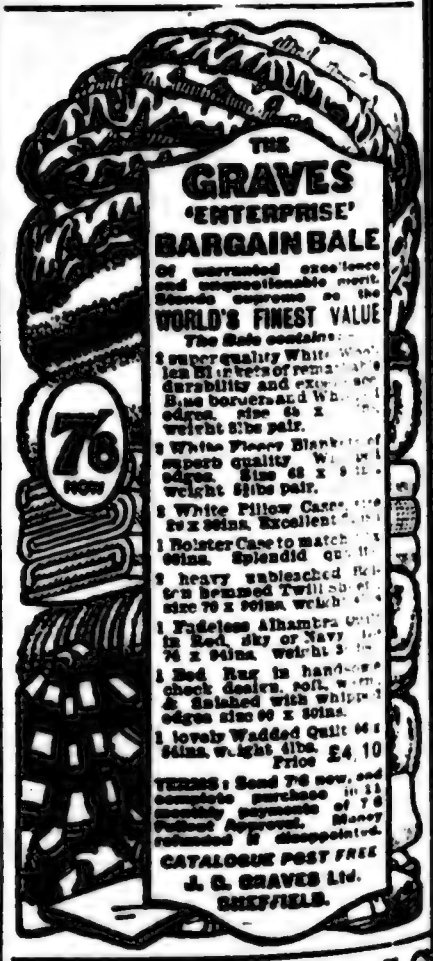
MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

This clean, white ointment goes right down to the seat of the trouble—loosens the congestion, soothes away the soreness, gives you relief at once More, it prevents serious complications, such as pneumonia and influenza

At all Chemists.

Musterole Fine Products Co., Ltd., [illegible]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'ENTERPRISE'
BARGAIN SALE
Of warranted excellence and unquestionable merit. Stands supreme as the
WORLD'S FINEST VALUE
The Sale contains:
2 super quality White Woollen Blankets of remarkable durability and exceptional [illegible] Base borders and White [illegible] edges. Size 6ft x [illegible] weight 8lbs pair.
2 White Fleecy Blankets of superb quality. White [illegible] edges. Size 6ft x 9ft. weight 8lbs pair.
2 White Pillow Cases, size 20 x 30ins. Excellent [illegible]
1 Bolster Case to match [illegible] 30ins. Splendid quality.
2 heavy unbleached Roller Towels hemmed Twill [illegible] size 70 x 20ins. which [illegible]
1 Fadeless Alhambra Quilt in Red, Sky or Navy [illegible] 70 x 90ins. weight 3 [illegible]
1 Bed Rug in handsome check design, soft, warm & finished with whipped edges size 60 x 30ins.
1 lovely Wadded Quilt 66 x 84ins. weight 4lbs.
Price £4.10
TERMS: Send 7/6 now, and complete purchase in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 Without Approval. Money refunded if disappointed.
CATALOGUE POST FREE
J. G. GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.
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PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely [illegible] Permanently cured by this wonderful [illegible] Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS or MONEY RETURNED. Every case [illegible] individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KURRAM HOUSE, [illegible]

Whose WIFE Wants to WORK?

asks A. G. GARDINER

I CANNOT mingle my tears with those that the *Daily Herald* sheds so profusely over the action of the Civil Service women. On the contrary I think the Civil Service women have come to a very sensible decision.

The question that was put to them by the Civil Service Clerical Association was whether women should retain their position in the service after marriage.

It was put to them in two forms, and in both cases the 7,000 members who balloted answered with a most emphatic "No"—nearly four to one, in fact. And thereupon the *Daily Herald* passes into transports and agonies of despair, thus:

"Do the young women who took part in this ballot thoroughly understand what they are doing? Do they realise that, by implication, their vote means that once a woman has committed herself to marriage she must cut herself adrift from all except domestic work?

"Is that to be the end of all the struggles of the pioneers of the women's movement?"

To which I, with great respect, say "Fudge!"

Why should it be assumed that, having won the vote, women are traitors to their cause if, being married, they prefer staying at home to going out to work?

I do not see what the question of freedom has to do with the matter.

I lived some years of my life in the greatest cotton-weaving town in the world—I think Blackburn still has that eminence.

It was before women had won the vote; but they had long enjoyed what the *Daily Herald* calls the "social and economic freedom" to go out at six o'clock in the morning to work at the mill, leaving their children to the care of some decrepit old woman, and returning after a day at the loom to face all the household tasks that awaited them.

Home and children

I fail to see what "freedom" they enjoyed greater than that which they would have had if they had been able to remain at home and do the work that properly belonged to them.

And, in their case at all events, I should hope that the eventual result of winning the vote will be, not that more married women should be able to go out to work, but that more should be able to stay at home.

Surely it is this idea which is at the back of much modern legislation to which the Labour Party is especially committed.

What is the meaning of widows' pensions if it is not that women who have lost their breadwinner may be in a position to maintain their home and their children without going out to work?

The Rathbone scheme of Family Allowances has the same motive behind it.

The question of the employment of married women must not be confused with that of the right of women as women to their place in the sun. No one to-day questions that right or would wish to question it.

The title of women to work on equal terms with men is the most remarkable social development of this century. There is no avenue of activity in the world—except that of the Church—which is now closed to them.

They sit on the Treasury Bench in Parliament, they compete in the professions, they have their place in business, in the Universities, in the medical schools, in the banks.

Broadly speaking, there is no career which a woman is competent to follow that she is not at liberty to follow.

It is this equality of opportunity which has removed from women the old badge of inferiority and dependence.

In other days, except in the case of the working-classes, matrimony was the only career open to them, and if they failed in that they failed in life.

Not forbidden

They have escaped from that intolerable limitation. They have ceased to be the chattels of men, and can choose their own careers as independently as men.

The fact does not mean that marriage has lost its importance in their scheme of life, but it does mean that it is not their whole scheme of life.

They have other resources, other alternatives. They are socially and economically free.

Nor, coming to the question of the married woman, is it suggested that she should be forbidden to continue to work if she chooses to do so.

There are many instances in which such restraint would, apart from the interference with the rights of the individual, involve real loss to society.

I think this applies especially to the case of the teaching profession, in some phases of which the experience and the sympathies of the married woman are of incalculable value.

There is no doubt an increasing disposition for woman to continue in her employment after marriage.

Two factors, among others, are conducing to this tendency. One is the pressure of post-war taxation on the lower middle-classes and the low wages of what I may call the upper stratum of the working-classes.

Only a few

The other is the spread of the practice of birth-control. That practice is also largely stimulated by the high taxation and the high cost of living.

But the effect of the vogue of the childless or one-child marriage is to leave the married woman with a freedom and a leisure that enable her to continue her pre-marital activities.

I believe this tendency, nevertheless, is not a serious economic factor. The number of married women who go out to work when their circumstances do not compel them to do so is negligible. And I think it will remain negligible.

These "John Bull" employees are engaged to be married. They think the wife's place is at home

It will remain negligible because, in spite of all the modern movement, the heart of the average woman is still in her home. That, to me, is the significance of the vote of the Civil Service Clerical Association.

I dare say there were calculations of an enlightened selfishness in that vote. As Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., the secretary of the association, remarked: "The present regulation of compulsory retirement on marriage tends to create a fluid staff, and this facilitates the rate of promotion."

Full-time job

That is to say, the women argued that if they married they would not want to remain in the service, and if they did not marry they did not want their own careers blocked by women who, in their opinion, had found another career which ought to give them a sufficient occupation.

I see no reason for shedding tears or wringing our hands over such a decision. It seems to me to show excellent sense, and a very practical point of view.

Nor is it any the less deserving of approval in that it indicates that in this large and representative class of middle-class women there is an old-fashioned belief that, as a general principle, marriage with all its obligations is a full-time career for a woman.

There will always be exceptions, exceptional women and exceptional emergencies. By all means let them have freedom of action. We do not want, and ought not, to impose any disabilities upon married women.

But, for myself, I rejoice to find so enlightened a body of women as the Civil Servants declaring that the business of the married woman is not to occupy a stool in a Government office, but the management of her own household.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Shattered Souls

THE dramatic trial which ended in France with the acquittal of a young man on the charge of murdering a middle-aged woman whose lover he had been brought a pitiful disclosure.

An Englishwoman, clever, well-connected, attractive in appearance and manner, her life was a succession of tragic disappointments.

She hungered for love, and had every fine woman's capacity for self-sacrifice; but love repeatedly betrayed her.

The young scamp on whom she poured herself out last appears to have tired of and scorned her, and she felt she could bear no more.

There are many sad life-stories like this which are never made public. Sir Philip Gibbs describes some with faithful pen in his book, "The Hidden City," wherein he reveals some of the agonies that torment human hearts beneath the surface of London's everyday life.

If I had the skill of Sir Philip Gibbs I could tell out of my own experience more than one case wherein a man's or woman's soul has been rent asunder by fidelity unrequited and affection unassured.

Nor is this merely a question of sex. The sharpest pangs may be due to an inner urgency deeper and more tenacious than passion.

Some of the greatest sorrows in the world derive from the inequalities of love, and these are exceedingly frequent. A person who is all the world to you—husband, wife or child—may not truly reciprocate your devotion or even understand it. Your boy growing up may grow away from you in spirit though you would willingly die for him.

It is seldom that the younger generation repays in full the tenderness lavished upon it by the older or even realises what the benefit has cost in long-drawn-out struggle and pain.

"If I had his skill . . ."

And if as life goes on you find yourself bereft of the one thing you long for in the loyalty of another human heart, no wonder if you find it empty and dark.

* * *

Life was never meant to peter out in this way, but rather to grow richer as it grows older. There is compensation for every ill if we bravely look for it.

What you lose in love you may find in sympathy if you keep your outlook wide enough. Link on to the hearts all round you and they will fill and refresh your own.

Isolation of interest is death. Kindly feeling for humanity is life and expands with the years.

This is the simple truth, as you may find out for yourself.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF
DR. WHITE'S
KOMPO FOR COLDS
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR
Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.
Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-
J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.

£550 AWARDED
in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 47.

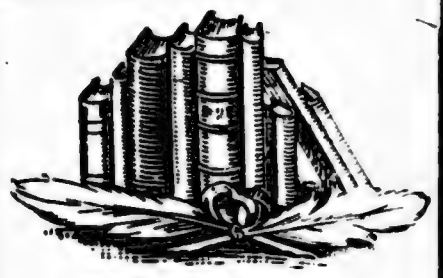
Correct solutions in Crossword Competition No. 47 were received from the following four competitors, who will, subject to the conditions of the Competition, divide the £500, each receiving £125:—

G. R. Bell, 60, Sodhouse Road, Sheriff Hill, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
H. Black, 3, Buccleuch Road, Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire.
Miss M. Hodgson, 37, Hall Lane, Windhill, Shipley, Yorks.
C. T. Passey, 63, Gordon Hill, Enfield, Middx.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 26 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 18s. 6d.:—

Adam, Alex. G., Wellwood Cottage, Barnhill, Perth.
Brodie, F. W., East Barsham, Walsingham, Norfolk.
Cliffe, J. W., Higher Woodcock, Langho, Nr. Blackburn.
Cowan, Mrs. E. L., 210 Tatton St., Salford, Lancs.
Dowdell, A., 12, Albion St., Mile End, Portsmouth.
Gardner, Hugh, 41, Beeches Ave., Dumbuckie, Glasgow.
Garner, Mrs. E., 236, Gladstone Avenue, N.22.
Graves, Mrs. L., 22, Back City Rd., Norwich.
Hamilton, A. G., 5, Aitken Place, Lanark.
Harney, Miss E., Ballydurn, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford.
Hill, R. E., 35, Beach Rd., Selsey, Sussex.
Hiller, K. F., 5, Clarence Avenue, New Malden, Surrey.
Hudson, S., The Clover, Bromyard, Nr. Worcester.
Hulme, Mrs. Jane, 11, Ninehouse Lane, Bolton.
Logan, Mrs., 29, Airesworth St., Keighley, Yorks.
Long, A. J., 53, Westgate Road, Bury St. Edmunds.
Mills, K. M., 2, Erleswell Rd., Worthing, Sussex.
Price, Miss L., 32, Sidney Rd., Tranmere, Birkenhead.
Rider, C., 37, Lofthouse Place, Leeds.
Salt, A. J., Brindley, Nantwich, Cheshire.
Simpson, Miss B., 153, Manchester Rd., Astley, Manchester.
Smith, E., 46, Wood Street, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.
Watson, F. R., 3, Fettes Row, Edinburgh.
White, Mrs. A. M., 38, Owen Road, Wolverhampton.
White, Mrs., Durns-Town, Sway, Hants.
Williams, —, 150, Commercial St., Senghenydd, S. Wales.

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!



ON LEAVING SCHOOL
AND THE CHOICE OF A CAREER
Lord Wakefield of Hythe, C.B.E., LL.D.
helps parents to solve their great problem in the pages of his admirable and far-sighted book, 'On Leaving School.' Out of the storehouse of his great experience and knowledge of present-day conditions and the needs of the future, the author has provided a true 'guide, philosopher and friend'
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7½d. PER OUNCE

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The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

FREE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of "Diplema" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £60; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diplema" Cream Cheese, or a label from "Diplema" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, February 21. Send your attempt O.W.! Be sure to mark your entry With United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts. Enter at once!

Turn to Page 25—Now!

Thousands of Sufferers from
INDIGESTION
GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR INDEBTEDNESS TO
Dr Jenner's ABSORBENT LOZENGES
Prepared according to the prescription of the famous Dr. Jenner, they will be found to give immediate relief in all cases of Indigestion, Stomach Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, etc.
Obtainable of all Chemists—1/2, 3/-, 5/-.
Write for Free Sample, mentioning this paper, to SAVORY & MOORE, LTD., 143a, New Bond St., W.1

CATARRH
To sufferers from this distressing complaint Vapo-Cresolene is the long-sought remedy. Its soothing antiseptic vapour relieves the congested areas in nose, throat and chest, quickly dispersing the attack. No medicine is taken. For 50 years Vapo-Cresolene has been the drugless remedy for catarrh, coughs, nasal colds, bronchitis, bronchial asthma, influenza, whooping cough.
Vapo-Cresolene
Disinfects the room and prevents spread of infection
Sold by all Chemists. Write for descriptive booklet No. 31 to ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.3

Black Sweatshops that Swell the Queue

In Lancashire we may use the finest machinery, but cheap labour in India beats us

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHEN Viscount Grey of Fallodon addressed the Liberal Council at the Hotel Metropole a few days ago, he stressed the fact that the situation in India was extremely difficult and extremely grave.

It is. It is common knowledge that India to-day is a smouldering volcano, which at any moment may burst into such a conflagration as the world has never seen.

What is not so well common knowledge is that the disease from which India is suffering is an imported disease, a disease that has its roots in the fact that our super-patriots lack real patriotism and our Imperialists live only with their tongues in their cheeks.

It is a startling fact that, contemporaneously with the decay of our staple industries since the war, there has been a steady inflow of British capital into India.

While Lancashire has been allowed to sink into despairing decay, there has been a determined attempt to industrialise India.

Bombay Lancashire

There was never a more tragic error of policy. Never was a country less adaptable to industrialisation than India.

Never was there a maelstrom of peoples less suited to the peculiar demands of modern industrialism.

In the Bombay Presidency alone there are seventy-four cotton-spinning mills which give unwelcomed and unwanted employment to thousands of natives, while at the same time millions of Lancashire spindles which once produced 3,000 million yards of textiles for export to India are idle.

Even a blind man could see the connection.

I say "unwelcome and unwanted employment" deliberately. India is essentially an agricultural country. But cheap labour is an irresistible lure. Cheap labour means big profits, and big profits are the only gods a certain kind of industrialist worships.

Why do all the newspapers ignore the significant fact that Indian unrest keeps pace with the rapid development of manufactories in the big towns since the war?

Why do they never mention the overcrowded houses and the foul conditions under which the degradation and long hours of the workers, the labour of women and children and the unhealthy conditions of their work?

Swollen dividends

The mills pay dividends of 100, 200 and even 300 per cent. out of sweating and starvation wages, fines and the withholding of wages due, and out of the merciless exploitation of women and children.

Thanks to our Imperialist patriots, there are 24,000,000 Indian workers doing work which was once done in South Wales, Lancashire, Yorkshire and Dundee.

Look at textiles. Of the average pre-war supply, 3,000 million yards—or 70 per cent.—came from England. Only 200 million yards—28 per cent.—came from Indian production.

To-day, 1,000 million yards come from England and 1,700 million yards come from India.

The cotton-mills in India employ just short of 6,000,000 people; the collieries employ just short of 300,000; the spinning and pressing and weaving of jute employs half a million.

India's gain—if it is a gain—is England's loss.

I doubt very much if I am exaggerating when I say that Indian unrest is due to the deliberate plunder of India by British capital at the expense of the British worker.

It may sound harsh; but it is nothing less than the truth.

The figures tell their own story. The "Indian Year Book" says that "The greater majority of the larger concerns are financed by European capital."

For "European" you might just as well say "British," for that is what the capital of 85 per cent. of the companies operating in India is.

British capital is many, many times stronger than Indian capital.

Had we, with the introduction of our plant and our machinery and our industries to India, introduced at the same time our own industrial conditions, there might have been a very different story to tell; but we didn't.

That wasn't the idea at all. The idea—one might almost say the ideal!—was British capital and cheap labour, sweated workers and big profits.

Where is the sincere patriotism? Where is the genuine Imperialism? Where is there anything but calculated and uncaring cynicism?

And while we have allowed our capitalists to sell our birthright and make a free gift of the fruits of the industrial revolution to people who did not want them, we have bothered not the least bit to encourage the natives of India to guard and develop their own natural endowments.

Of a total of 663 million acres, only 223 million are under crop.

We are too busy exploiting the men and women and children of India to help them to exploit their own untold riches. Yet which would be the truer brand of Imperial policy?

It can be argued, and with considerable force, that industrialism had to come to India.

A modern world has developed needs and possibilities that the old world knew nothing of; but it has not developed even yet the capacity for learning the lessons of history.

Imperialism, as interpreted by Big Business, is still the purblind and blundering thing it has always been.

It is still the mischievous monkey that gaily plays with a lighted torch over the open mouth of a powder-barrel.

Not Gandhi

India can be saved. India *must* be saved. Wise statesmanship must insist on a check being put to the short-sighted policy that is bringing about the imminent storm.

For nothing permanent and enduring was ever yet built on the exploitation of misery.

Mahatma Gandhi is not the cause of Indian unrest. He is merely the effect and the symbol, the shadow thrown by the hidden fires that rage beneath the surface.

If ever the volcano erupts in India, it is certain that it will be the mills and the factories to which the mobs will first turn—and they will destroy them.

It would be better statesmanship to humanise them before they are destroyed. To reform would be better—and cheaper—than to rebuild.

This is, at any rate, the core of the Indian problem, and on its solution depends not only the future of India, but the future of hundreds of thousands of workers in this country.

Too late?

The cry of "Bolshevism" leaves me cold.

Mr. Lloyd George was profoundly right when he once called the slums of Kensington a "Bolshevist munition-factory": for revolt is always an effect and not a cause.

The problem of India is the problem that has beset every country on which industry has settled.

Surely we have seen enough to know the way out, and to take it before it is too late?

The Human Machine

Don't Grouse—GRIN

THERE are times when a good "grouse" does the heart good. There is nothing like getting it off your chest. Nothing is worse for a man than to bottle up a grievance or a feeling of resentment until it festers and cankers and sours his whole outlook on life.

When you're fed up have a good grouse and get it over. Get it out of your system—but don't make a habit of it. There is no more miserable being on earth than the perpetual grumbler.

What good are grumblers either to themselves or anyone else? What are they except grit in the wheels?

And aren't they selfish? Selfish to the core, quite incapable of thinking of anything or anybody except their own petty troubles and imaginary ills.

They demand sympathy—but they never dream of giving sympathy. They positively enjoy ill-health and wallow in morbid self-pity.

They deserve pity, but not sympathy; they deserve pity because they have lost hope. "If it were not for hope," said the poet Byron, "where would the future be?—in hell!"

The chronic grumbler and the inveterate grouser live perpetually in hell, in a hell of their own making; yet the door is neither locked nor barred. They can step out into the sunshine the minute they make up their minds to do so.

We very often cannot alter the facts of life, but we can always see them in their right proportions and colour them as we fancy. Nothing has the power to make us sad; that is something we do to ourselves.

It was Solomon who said, "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." It is a recipe that even the modern world would find hard to beat.

Don't grouse—grin!

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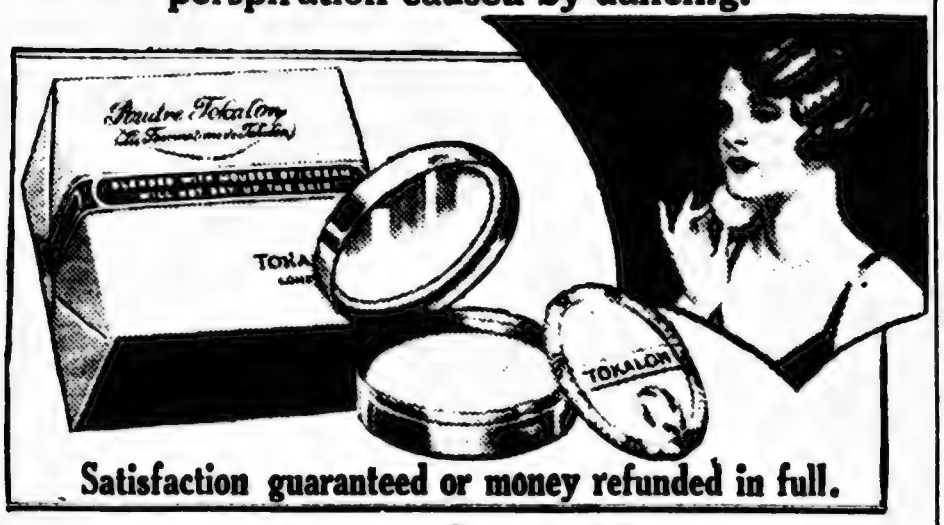

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The Mousse of Cream Face Powder

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN ON MARCH 17?

The beard normally grows downwards on the cheek and the chin, and under the chin, and upwards on the neck. Stroke with the growth, the first time over; against, the second.

Do you know how to shave?

These five simple rules mean a smooth shave every time:

1 Lather well, using hot water, for at least two minutes—the longer the better.

2 Hold the razor still against the temple, and draw the skin, with your other hand, upwards and away from the razor.

3 In shaving the rest of the face, let the razor edge meet the beard diagonally.

4 The first time you go over the face, stroke *with* the growth of the beard, the second time *against* it.

5 Always remove the blade from the razor to clean it. Run hot water over it, and dry it without going against the edge.

Follow these rules, and *nothing* can go wrong with your shave. That is, if you trust your beard only to a Gillette blade.

For the cutting edge is the final test of any shaving method. And Gillette blades, made of hard Sheffield steel and sharpened with unfailing exactness, give you more shaves per blade—and a smoother shave every time! Gillette Safety Razor Limited, 184-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

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BLADES

WILL-O'-THE-WISP OF DEATH

Without Fear or Favour

WORLD MENACE *of the* POPPY

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the opening of the Naval Conference in London, there met at Geneva a body of men whose mission is of little less moment to mankind at large than disarmament. The League of Nations Opium Committee is concerned with putting an end to an international menace which, if not dealt with, will be as disastrous in its effects as another world war.

Traffic in drugs, the reports of the various delegates prove, has reached staggering proportions in almost every country in the two hemispheres.

It is impossible to arrive at an approximate estimate of the number of confirmed dope-takers in this country, but we can safely accept the word of medical authorities that, were the extent of the vice realised, there would be a national crusade to end it.

Occasional notorious inquests on drug-victims have tended to convey an impression that "dope-fiends" are to be found mainly among crooks and fallen women, and degenerates who hover on the edge of the underworld.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Confirmed dope-takers are to be found among all classes.

Doctors and nurses, owing to the nature of their calling, are more frequent victims than any; but in almost every other walk of life the number is legion of those who, to the experienced eye, betray unmistakable traces of addiction.

The man in the street is largely in the dark as to the effects of drug-taking, and is apt to class it with alcohol, as being evil only when there is over-indulgence owing to the expense and to the physical deterioration which follows.

There is, in reality, no such parallel. It is the moral, not the physical, effects of dope which are the hideous menace to the community.

DOPE, as a rule, reacts immediately on the moral instinct, with some appalling consequences. Ultimately, it completely undermines the moral fibre. There is no law, moral or social, that a confirmed dope-addict will not break in order to obtain more dope.

It has been announced that in Egypt, out of a population of 14,000,000, there are half a million drug-addicts "out of action as useful members of the community." Imagine the appalling consequences to us as a nation if there should come a time when the vice has grown to such proportions here.

And there will come such a time if the traffic is not killed. How are we to kill it?

A proposal has been made by the Chinese representative on the League Commission. It is that the manufacture and sale of narcotics should be under the control of the League of Nations, who would provide the world's supply necessary for legitimate purposes, and no more.

It is a wise proposal, and one that should have the full support of the British delegate.

* * *

Snobbery in Skirts

BEHIND the manœuvres of the so-called dictators of women's dress fashions there are several influences that cannot be ignored.

One of the most important is the industrial maker of material, whose business would be increased by the long skirt; then there is the dress-designer pure and (not) simple, and, finally, there is that other nebulous social influence which writes down the short skirt as immoral.

Something must be said for the idea of stimulating industry by the long skirt, while changes of fashion are undoubtedly good for trade.

But it seems unlikely that the women will be either cajoled or bluffed out of their new freedom.

Quite apart from what the mere male thinks, it is clear that the modern, neat style of dress has its uses and its charm.

The pretty or even beautiful face is not everything. There is much character in figure, and that character was lost under the clogging and sometimes grotesque furbelows of other days.

One other influence the women and girls of to-day can afford to ignore—that is, the snobbish section who want to make fashionable dress so expensive that the working woman cannot afford to imitate it, even in outline.

Well, our women can remain neat and nice, leaving the snobs to make guys of themselves if they wish.

Be Honest About It

THE Government will not be able to carry out anything like its full programme of legislation and reform this session.

Politicians do not seem to be aware how thoroughly the public is disgusted with them and the creaking old machine which they manipulate.

They are still blissfully unaware that the voters do not send them to Parliament to air their oratory, but to get on with the country's work.

Reading their daily papers, the public see, hopelessly, that any national reform, any creative measure, is subordinated to Party or to personal ambition.

When the leaders have boomed and thundered, the small-arms and pop-guns carry on the sorry battle.

Through the dreary hours there are often fewer than 10 per cent. of the Members in the Chamber.

Discussions in Parliament on such subjects as Free Trade, Tariff Reform and Empire Free Trade are sheer waste of time when it is obvious that nothing constructive can be put in hand at the moment, or for a long time.

THE utterly futile opposition of the Lords to the Trades Disputes Amending Bill is an instance of the crankiness of the machine.

We shall see the Mines Bill, the Factories Bill, the Consumers' Council plan, and similar important measures manhandled and mauled—not in the public interest, but as a matter of Party tactics.

There is still no real hope of a national combined movement to deal with industry and unemployment. Political jealousy steps in before the public weal.

JOHN BULL warns the politicians again that, having been found out, they will be thrown out.

The first strong patriot who goes to the country with an honest plan to get on with the work will sweep away all the raffle which stands in the way of a sound prosperity.

SECRET GUARDIANS

Behind the Prince "Inspector Burt has had many dramatic experiences"

Supt. Parker, one of the "Special Branch" chiefs

Dubbed "the Bodyguard of Kings," Supt. James McBrien

"'Special Branch' men . . . bundled off to Belgium . . . captured thirty-seven spies." At the right end of the back row is Inspector (then Sergeant) Canning; second from the left, bottom row, is Inspector (then Sergeant) Palmer

BRITAIN is the paradise of the great who visit us from abroad. Seldom is the fair page of her history blotted by bombings and assassinations.

Much of this is due to the great national spirit of "playing the game," but there is that other spirit which sees to it that the game is played perforce, even by the interloper.

Who are those who shadow and guard the great? We shall tell.

Attached to Scotland Yard is a distinguished band of highly skilled specialists in criminal investigation, whose daily duties bring them into constant contact with the highest personages in the world.

Yet no glory is theirs; the very nature of their work dictates that it must be performed in silence and obscurity, so that some of their finest achievements pass unknown and unacknowledged by the public whom they serve so well.

Officially they are known as the "Special Branch" of Scotland Yard, and their organisation dates from the late 'nineties, when following the various Irish disturbances which culminated in an attempt on the life of Joseph Chamberlain, the need for something of the sort was first brought home.

In the last thirty years the "Special Branch" has grown into one of the most formidable and efficient police organisations in the world.

Kings, queens, princes, princesses, Ministers of State, diplomats, presidents, important foreign delegates — such as those now in London for the Five-Power Naval Conference—and even business magnates of universal reputation, all come in for their share of "protective surveillance," whether it be in the interests of the State or for the welfare of themselves.

As head of the British Empire, His Majesty the King naturally claims prior consideration, and permanently attached to his personal retinue at Buckingham Palace are some forty police officers of the "Uniformed Branch," whose ranks are augmented by leading members of the "Special Branch" whenever occasion demands.

Their chief is Superintendent Cole, who, although nominally on the strength of Scotland Yard, always accompanies the Royal Family to its various residences, where special quarters are maintained for him.

He is directly responsible for the protection of life and property in the royal palaces.

Wherever he may be staying with His Majesty, Superintendent Cole constantly gets in touch, through certain stipulated channels, with the "Special Branch," which is controlled by Colonel J. F. Carter, C.B.E.

As a matter of general routine His Majesty the King confers overnight with the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel, G.C.V.O., the Master of the Household, or one of his deputies, and approves the programme that has already been drawn up for the following day.

Fanatic peril

A copy of this daily programme is handed to Superintendent Cole, who must make whatever provision he deems adequate. All minor functions can, of course, be covered by those in permanent attendance.

But in the case of the bigger public ceremonies — particularly when international politics are involved—the possibility of attacks by fanatics must not be overlooked, and then it is that Colonel Carter of the "Special Branch" is called upon to detail as many trained members as are deemed necessary.

Happily, in this country, the danger of any affront to royalty is a remote one, though occasions have been known when precautionary measures such as we have indicated have been justified.

His Majesty's chief "shadow" until a few weeks ago, when he retired, was Superintendent James McBrien, who, after serving Queen Victoria and King Edward in turn, had accompanied King George on all his principal tours at home and abroad.

At no time would anyone have suspected McBrien of being a detective, for though he always carried a fully loaded revolver, he had all the dignity and poise of a distinguished diplomat.

Back-door way

His Majesty to-day bows to the necessity for protective surveillance; it must be, because his life is of supreme importance.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—and no doubt his father once held the same view—has always found it irksome. On more than one occasion the Prince followed the example of his famous grandfather in trying to elude his protectors.

King Edward was noted for his cleverness in giving "Special Branch" men the slip.

An interesting story concerns His late Majesty's attendance at functions at the house of a well-known peer in Belgravia, in the course of which he would frequently disappear long before the close of the evening.

It was a long time before the secret of his many disappearances was finally discovered.

King Edward had familiarised himself with the geography of the house and had found a back entrance which had been disused for years, and through which he would make a premature exit whenever he found the proceedings too boring to be suffered.

On one notable occasion, after searching everywhere, the "Special Branch" men were kept waiting until the small hours of the morning, when they had ruefully to confess themselves beaten.

The Prince of Wales can be equally elusive when he chooses. He hates the idea of being "protected," and several "Special Branch" officers have often found to their dismay that he is almost impossible to guard.

Even in his boyhood days he used to elude his "protectors" at theatres, galas and minor functions, and while in France during the war he was often "missing" from headquarters and found spending his time in the danger-zone.

For the last fifteen years or so, quite apart from the various officers of the "Special Branch" who have been detailed to guard the Prince in this country and upon his foreign tours, His Royal Highness' chief "shadower" has been Inspector Burt, of the "Uniformed Branch."

Inspector Burt is nearly always at the heels of the Prince, no matter where he may go; but a stranger would never imagine for one moment that he was a police-officer in disguise.

Inspector Burt has had many dramatic experiences while acting as bodyguard to the Prince.

One was in France, when a shell burst within a stone's-throw of the Prince's car and killed three men outright. Although it was a near thing for the Prince, his one thought was for the men.

All-night vigil

Another was during a recent Empire tour, when one of the equerries, whom the Prince regarded more as a personal friend than a courtier, was stricken down with fever.

His Royal Highness refused to leave his bedside, and, insisting that all engagements should be

NS of the GREAT

Signor Grandi, Italy's representative at the Five-Power Conference, is the most guarded foreigner in this country

"Colonel J. F. Carter controls the 'Special Branch' at the 'Yard'"

He, like other Cabinet Ministers, must have his shadow

cancelled, sat up night and day, in company with Inspector Burt and the medical advisers, until the turning-point was reached.

Perhaps the inspector's most trying experience was at the time of the King's illness, when the Prince made his dramatic high-speed journey from Central Africa to his father's bedside.

To Inspector Burt fell the task of keeping the police authorities notified in advance of His Royal Highness' progress, so that his safe passage might be ensured.

In normal circumstances such duties would have been onerous enough, but with every second of vital importance, the record dash home entailed such anxiety and strain that the inspector arrived in England in an exhausted state.

Although the universal popularity of the Prince has spared his "Special Branch" bodyguards the necessity of contending with any dangerous developments, there have been a number of occurrences which, but for the Prince's clemency, might have ended very nastily for the people involved.

One case in point is that of a young woman of Spanish extraction and independent means who persistently follows the Prince wherever he goes, and endeavours to get into conversation with him.

Hers is only one of the familiar faces known to all leading "Special Branch" men, for so great is their responsibility that they are expected to know by sight not only such harmless but infatuated pursuers, but also international agitators likely to be objectionable.

A typical and moving example of how closely the Prince is "shadowed" was afforded during the pilgrimage at the Menin Gate.

The Prince occupied a leading place in the procession, while upon his heels followed two appropriately-clad figures, who appeared to be high officers of State, and who took precedence over some of the greatest dignitaries of France and Belgium.

They were Inspector McBrien and another notable "royal" member of the "Special Branch"—Inspector Palmer.

To the "Special Branch," too, falls the duty of safeguarding all important foreign visitors to this country. Thus, the Five-Power Naval Conference has kept them very busy, and at the dinner given to delegates a fortnight ago they were strongly represented.

Joy ball

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and all our Ministers of State were, as is the custom, escorted to and from the dinner by detectives in evening dress, and each delegate, except the Japanese—all Japanese diplomats refuse to be guarded—had a "Special Branch" man sitting in front of his car.

During the dinner the "Special Branch" men waited near by in case of emergency.

In addition, two "Special Branch" men were present at the dinner in the capacity of wine-stewards.

A remarkable story can be revealed concerning the recent "Joy of Life Ball," promoted in aid of the People's League of Health by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke.

Amongst the guests at the Covent Garden Opera House were the American, Brazilian, Portuguese, Austrian and Polish Ambassadors, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, Viscount Hambleden, Lady Sassoon, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, Sir Harry Baldwin, Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, Lord Berners and Lord Waring. "Special Branch" and other officers were in attendance.

During the evening a spectacular event was staged in which a titled woman symbolised "Adoration," and, displaying jewels to the value of £500,000, passed through the ballroom, preceded by a strange partner, who was garbed as a prehistoric man.

Kitchener's shadow

Not one of the assembled guests can have realised that the massive club he carried was but one of the protective measures designed to cope with any attempt that might be made to steal the precious gems.

"Special Branch" men are now very busy shadowing unwanted foreigners under observation while the Home Office is considering their possible deportation, just as, during the war, they were utilised in detecting spies.

One of the greatest "spy catchers" of the "Special Branch" was Inspector Daniel McLaughlan. He was detailed to follow Lord Kitchener like a shadow, but "protective surveillance" could not foresee the fate which lay in store for the *Hampshire*, and McLaughlan, faithful to his duty, shared "K. of K.'s" watery grave.

McLaughlan's closest colleague was Inspector Canning, who has since covered himself with distinction. He has traversed the world as a shadower of royalty.

Canning, who watched the King's interests during his sojourn at Bognor, is the man who shadowed Pierpont Morgan, the famous American financier, on his visits to this country.

He also accompanied the Prince of Wales upon his tours of Canada and Central Africa, and figured very prominently in the investigations made by the "Special Branch" in Ireland during the Sinn Fein disturbances.

Recently, Canning has been promoted to a high position over the heads of several other men and is regarded as one of the most reserved but resourceful officers in the "Special Branch."

We are able to publish an exclusive picture of several leading "Special Branch" men, taken in military uniform during the war, which throws a revealing light on the varied duties they are called upon to perform.

Their kit was issued to them at a moment's notice, and they were bundled off to Belgium because numerous spies were known to be active there.

Mixing with the suspects as fellow-soldiers, they effected the capture of thirty-seven spies within forty-eight hours of arriving in Antwerp.

The whole record of the "Special Branch" is one of brilliant achievement and unstinted devotion to duty.

Silent servitors

In days of peace as well as war they go on shadowing the mighty in silence, and the fact that untoward occurrences are rare is due solely to their efforts.

More like friends than humble servants, they consort with royalty; more like diplomats than detectives, they sit with State Ministers and politicians; more like members of an interested public than guardians of the mighty, they loll under railway arches or stand casually upon balconies during any important procession to see that no harm comes to those they guard

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Callouses Too

Corns, chilblains, sore feet, tired feet whatever your foot trouble may be, however long you have had it, a few Radox footbaths will put it right once and for all! Radox footbaths release Oxygen Nature's greatest healer and antiseptic; the application of this vital force to your tortured feet immediately soothes, heals and gives renewed life to the worn, inflamed or tender tissues. Relief is immediate. Pain disappears. Hard skin is softened. Corns eventually slip out root and all, between finger and thumb Read this letter:—

I had a very painful soft corn between two toes for years. I also had two other corns underneath the two big toes. It was torture to walk. I also suffered with callouses, bad aching feet and large toe joints. I tried no end of different things to cure it, but nothing did any good until I used one packet of Radox Bath Salts and started the second. I used it every night for some time, and found wonderful benefit. My feet are now lovely and soft, and the corns are quite gone. It's a treat to walk about! I shall use Radox as long as I live, and I have recommended it to all my friends, and they use it, too. I can't speak too highly of Radox.

(Mrs.) *A. J., Basingstoke*

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"SERGEANT-MAJOR BULSTRODE called down three names that he had long treasured in his memory"

Illustrated by R. M. Chandler

Three for LUCK

". . . Down came the enemy's reposte. Wang, wang, wang, big black stuff, heavy and searching. There was a yell, and silence. . . ." Sergeant Bulstrode was satisfied

SERGEANT BULSTRODE'S face, shadowed from the glare by the broad brim of his helmet, showed far less expression than that of the horse he bestrode. The job of teaching the native drivers of the ammunition column their duties did not move him in any visible way.

His horse, on the other hand, held back or made to move by wrist and knees like steel springs, was already beginning to fidget.

Nor would it have been so manageable, even by a typically sure-seated rider as the sergeant, could its equine sense have gathered exactly the use to which it was being put.

For the best of native drivers—and Sergeant Bulstrode never admitted that each fresh squad that came before him was anything but the worst—were uncertain directly they found themselves in any difficulty.

But Sergeant Bulstrode understood them. If he saw signs of a jib, he ranged alongside, and by word and example got the rest of the team in motion so that the jibber was dragged bodily forward.

If there was a bolt, on the other hand, he would cut across, until he could get ahead of the plunging team, and draw up slap across their path.

He had a theory that he thoroughly believed in, because thoroughly tested. It was that one horse will not run into another unless made to do so.

TWICE that morning he had triumphantly brought the runaway team to a standstill. It was lucky that his horse did not understand how.

There was one thing, however, that Sergeant Bulstrode could not do, and that was to prophesy exactly when and in what direction such a team would make off.

Therefore, he had taken with him an English driver, whom he had had to check for some minor breach of discipline, and stationed him on the opposite side of the ground, to head off any bolt in that direction, by the same methods as he himself used.

So, between the two white men, for the most part motionless on their horses, the native team learned one by one its evolutions.

The drill neared its end, and had he been asked, Sergeant Bulstrode might have admitted that it was high time too. Such freshness as had graced the early morning was wearing down into the insufferable steam heat of the Indian day.

One more turn, and dismiss, thought the sergeant. And then, as if to spite him, as he gave the order, he saw one of the leaders, mismanaged, rear, kick its neighbour, and send the whole team careering dead away from him.

Never mind, the man he had posted would stop them. What, then, was his exasperation to see the fellow flinch away, without any firm attempt to master the situation.

Sergeant Bulstrode touched his horse, and in a short, swift gallop came upon the vociferous, kicking, entangled mass of men and horses and limber, where the latter had finally stuck, with its wheels caught in the low scrub that surrounded the cleared ground.

Once he was on the scene, it did not take long to get the natives mounted, the traces mended, and the whole party marching at a walk to the barracks.

He said not a word to the white driver. But when the others were dismissed he put him in the guard-room.

* * *

The change from steaming heat to heat so dry that it made the stocks and stones of the brown waste of veld seem to dance was but the symbol of the change that had overtaken Sergeant Bulstrode, and indeed the whole battery, some two years later.

From peaceful if arduous garrison duty they had come to war. And though thousands of miles [illegible] home, they were thousands of miles away from it still, and might have been on another planet, so remote everything seemed from the endless [illegible] spaces of South Africa.

The war had dragged to a close. And the battery was marching back to interminable garrison duty, an interminable voyage, and finally home.

Sergeant, now Acting-Sergeant-Major, Bulstrode took it with his usual close-lipped stoicism. He was a soldier. The Army was his life.

NOT so a lot of the younger men who had been drafted out to fill the gaps caused, in a few cases, by the excellent shooting of the Boers, and in the main by the totally inadequate provision made for maintaining the largest British Army that had ever been put into the field up till that time.

Now, on this particular march, orders had been given that the men were not to touch their water-bottles without orders. There was plenty of dysentery about, and water was hard to get.

Sergeant-Major Bulstrode's clear eye did not miss the stealthy gesture of the fair-haired, red-faced boy who was riding the wheeler of the second gun.

A Grim Slice of Real Life from R. H. MOTTRAM

When the cavalcade, masked with dust, and so dried that hardly man or beast could sweat, at last drew into a wretched collection of whitewashed, galvanised-iron huts that were to provide shelter for the night, he told off that boy for a fatigue that would mean patrolling, in the bitter frost of the shelterless plain, during at least half the night.

There was no malice in Sergeant-Major Bulstrode. He was perfectly clear that soldiers must obey orders, and that young soldiers would never become soldiers without some severe lessons.

In his own time, of which he never thought, the horse-trough had been the corrective applied to reduce swelled heads.

He had no need to resort to such methods. He saw that the corporal kept the guards awake, and there his reflections on the matter ended.

ALL things, in fact, have an end. Even the seemingly endless marches across the veld, even the ugly waiting in standing camp, with nothing to do, and not only no comforts, but no means of avoiding the discomforts, that also ended; and ended after weeks of misery as the voyage in the troopship; here was England at last.

Sergeant Bulstrode, who never read action, was quite unaware of the excitement which rain-washed cliffs and wind-swept roofs were supposed to stimulate in the breasts of those who saw them again for the first time after years of absence; and even more unaware of the more complicated disillusionment that return to England meant to many who had served with him.

To him "home" was a place where "thy" jobs were balanced by a total lack of promotion.

He recognised that a large portion of the personnel of the battery would pass out, time expired; that many officers would be retired. It did not concern him. He was going on, to complete his time.

His habitual stoicism did not vary when he found himself before long in an Irish practice-camp for target-firing.

He took that as he took everything else, maintaining the greatest possible efficiency procurable at the least possible effort, under a mask of wooden indifference.

To suppose he missed anything that went on that could possibly affect his personal comfort or prospects would, however, be to make the greatest possible mistake.

HE soon found out where the lonely cottages of the shepherds who kept the sheep on the range were situated, and made friends with them.

Why? Because they had eggs, bones and whisky, and to sit in their kitchen-floored kitchen, smiling at their easily excited or dolefully depressed voices, and putting them right about potatoes, the weather, and the British Empire, was a slight diversion from the monotony of the mess-tent.

Not that the mess was any worse than usual; but camp was not barracks, and twice he had had to check that mess orderly with a scar on his face, who would cut across between the sergeants' tents instead of going round by the cinder-path. The third time he got the chap sent back to his section.

He never forgot a face, and was not the least astonished, on one of his evening walks, to surprise two men, lying up behind some bushes, on the outskirts of the range.

He pretended not to see them, but when he had mounted the rim of the further-concealed boulder-ridge, he halted and pulled out the binoculars—a parting present from the old major, was the only weight he ever carried above the regulation equipment.

Yes, he had expected to find that those two were the fair-haired boy he had checked in Africa, and the ex-mess-orderly with the scar.

The latter's punishment would be known, and they were probably comparing their grudges against him.

He dismissed the matter until a few nights later, when he went to the shepherd's hut for supper—ducks' eggs and potatoes and tea, with half an inch of lovely soft whisky that had never, he would bet, paid duty, in the top of the cup.

The shepherd and his sister sat one each side of the fireplace, and neither spoke. This was remarkable. He was used to their chatter.

When he got up to return to camp, the sister broke a silence so noticeable that he himself, no conversationalist, had quite failed to upset it.

"Sergeant," she said, "don't go near the rath."

He laughed aloud. The "rath" was what the major would have called a "tumulus," an old burial-place of sorts, with three fir-trees sticking up out of some scrubby bushes. The direct way to the camp lay across it.

"Why not?" he asked her.

"Go by the road!"

"It's a mile further. Why should I?"

Silence. The shepherd spoke.

"There's queer folk about!"

"I don't believe in all that!"

"Sergeant, don't go that way!"

IF there was one thing Sergeant Bulstrode didn't believe in, it was that which he couldn't see.

"I'll just show you!" he called as he clanked out. The night was dark, but his eyes soon readjusted themselves to the starlight, after the candle-light of the hut.

Ahead, a dark mass, the rath showed. The least superstitious of men, he felt that tightening of the muscles that remains to all human beings, sole relic of the animals' consciousness of day and night.

As he came to the shadow of the bushes he sniffed. He did not smoke, and his nose caught the reek of tobacco on the night air.

A pebble tinkled, and instinctively he flung himself on his face, grabbing at the ankles of the two figures that so suddenly emerged from the darkness.

He wrenched away their legs, leapt on them, and marked each face with a spur. He knew he couldn't hold them, and, in fact, they broke from him and ran.

He had no difficulty in identifying them on parade next morning. They got a swinging term of imprisonment.

* * *

Years passed, and Sergeant Bulstrode sat in a gun-pit. He wasn't enjoying it. Luck, usually kind to him, had played him a dirty trick.

Down at the depôt, innumerable men had passed before him. His memory was as good as ever, his eye not to be deceived.

A dark chap with the traces of Indian service on him, a fair-haired youngster, and a fellow with a scar, they had passed before him, unmistakable as sheep to the shepherd.

Without a blink of recognition, or a grin of irony, he had seen to it that they went to the 493rd Battery, the well-known unlucky battery that everyone avoided ever since it had been brought back nearly annihilated from Mespot.

And then, some interfering swine at G.H.Q., sickened by 493's everlasting misfortunes, had sent to the depôt for a new sergeant-major, to reorganise it, and *he* had been pushed out.

Dirty work somewhere! He was not superstitious. He knew why such things happened. Someone bore a grudge. He knew also that accidents happened in the line.

His pal, Sergeant-Major Bickers, of the ——th, had been done in. No use coddlin' an old sweat like Bulstrode—Bickers had been wounded in the back by a British revolver-bullet.

SO he, Bulstrode, kept a small shaving mirror of steel handy, and took care to know who was behind him when he was in lonely places.

He had spotted the three of them, directly he had joined the battery, in the same section; of course they would be, and thick as thieves. And to this very section he had come, on this night, to superintend a special shoot.

The enemy were bringing up too much transport. The major wished to give them a lesson. A certain piece of road had been carefully ranged upon, the times noted, and now for it. There would be retaliation, of course.

Sergeant-Major Bulstrode did not appear to think. He stood beside the officer who gave the orders. The guns roared. Then and only then he said:

"There'll be retaliation, sir; bound to cut our cables. Must have some men out!"

"Think so?" grunted the benumbed and half-deafened subaltern. But Sergeant-Major Bulstrode called down into the dug-out three names that he had long treasured in his memory.

"Get out and make sure of the lines back, and the one to the O.P. Look sharp!"

THE hurrying footsteps had hardly ceased on the lush, abandoned ground before down came the enemy's reposte. Wang, wang, wang, big black stuff, heavy and searching. There was a yell, and silence.

"They've copped your linesmen all right!" was the officer's acid comment. "Stretcher-bearer!"

But Sergeant-Major Bulstrode only waited to count the bodies in. He was not superstitious. He went and had a drink of hot rum with Quarters. He was easy in his mind.

EVELYN WAUGH,

Author of "Vile Bodies," writes his true story next week:

"The Manager of the Kremlin"

KEEP YOUR EYE ON

MARCH 17

If you've never sat back and lit up a Manikin after the mid-day or evening meal, you have cheated yourself out of a lot of pleasure.

Manikins are one of life's little extra rewards—A real treat—A comforting relaxation after a busy morning or at the end of a tiring day. Manikin flavour will help you to forget your cares and troubles—It satisfies!

Mild, Mellow and Nutty, Manikins though so good are quite economical, and your tobacconist will know you for a judge of the good things of life every time you ask him for a packet.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
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Write to-day for Free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.
ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON

How a Man Judges Prettiness

Men to-day are much harder to please than they used to be in the matter of a woman's looks. They no longer judge looks by one or two pretty features. They notice bright eyes, the skilful dressing of the hair, the perfection of the skin. Most of all they notice teeth. These must be white and sparkling if a woman wants to be called really pretty. They denote health as well as beauty. Only women with clean, white teeth can command the admiration and homage of men. And rightly so. For everyone should take the greatest care of their teeth.

If you want teeth that are not discoloured, you must use Odol Tooth Paste. No other is just as good. It removes stains, dissolves tartar and gives that lustrous polish to teeth for which film and stage stars are so justly famous. Laura La Plante, Mary Philbin, Madeleine Carrol, Mercia Swinburne, Peggy O'Neil, and hosts of others have testified to the unique properties of Odol Tooth Paste. All enthusiastically refer to it as their favourite dentifrice. It cleans and polishes without in any way harming the delicate enamel. You must be very careful never to use a dentifrice that scours and scratches, as so many do. That is another definite reason why you should use only Odol Tooth Paste. Get a tube to-day—it costs only 1/-. Then see how very much whiter your teeth are in six days.
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Prevent infection by taking a tablet whenever you are in crowded places

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At all Chemists at 2/6 per bottle.

"Carrying out remarkable experiments": Dr. H. Crichton-Miller. His work is a challenge to Borstal's prison methods

Can Science Close Borstal?

ALTHOUGH only seven and a half years old, young Jerry was a murderer. Not a doubt of that. The police knew it well enough, almost from the beginning. It was a rather horrible murder, too.

Quarrelling with a little playmate, Jerry pushed him into the Regent's Canal, a London waterway where urchins from the streets find sport in sailing their boats and catching "tiddlers."

When the unhappy victim tried to get out of the water, Jerry pushed him back again, kicking his clutching fingers away from the stone ledge.

Questioned afterwards, he admitted that he knew the boy would be drowned.

That was what he wanted. It was a deliberate, cruel, homicidal act.

A few years ago almost anything might have happened to Jerry. The blind vengeance of the law would have pursued him. Possibly he would have been birched till his skin hung in ribbons.

Too young to hang, he would probably have been packed off to a reformatory-school till he was sixteen and flogged every fortnight or so for the good of his soul.

But none of these things happened to him. Instead, he was taken in hand by Dr. Cyril Burt, M.A., D.Sc., a celebrated psychologist, who at once recognised that little Jerry was very sick in his mind.

Perhaps you do not like the word "psychologist." You associate it, maybe, with wild theories remote from everyday life, with crankiness, perhaps with sex nastiness.

The "Mind-Doctor"

But there is nothing of all this about Dr. Cyril Burt, who is the "mind-doctor" appointed by the London County Council to give a helping hand to boys and girls who "go wrong."

Already he has done wonders with Jerry, who, even before the terrible episode at the Regent's Canal, was a thorough-paced little criminal.

It would have been easy under the old methods of dealing with juvenile crime to debase and brutalise this boy, to crush and break him, turning him into an accomplished adult criminal.

As it is, he is in a fair way of becoming a decent and useful citizen.

Helped by his vast experience of children's mental troubles, Dr. Burt and his staff found out what was the matter with the boy, and put it right.

• • •

And here is another story.

A girl, Milly, was getting to the dangerous age, and behaving in a way that looked like landing her in prison. From babyhood she had been what is called a "handful." Smackings did no good.

At nine years old she was "known to the police." At eleven, she was shaping for disaster, rouging her lips, darkening her eyebrows, accosting men in the streets.

Science, miracle-worker

To-day, through the mind-doctor's efforts, she attends Queen's Hall concerts, reads Galsworthy's novels and Bernard Shaw's plays, and works intelligently for a living.

She is twenty-two, and from her wages supports her widowed mother, because "it is the decent thing to do."

Would a reformatory-school have achieved this miracle?

• • •

The truth is that we are only just beginning to evolve sane and scientific methods of dealing with delinquency and crime. The idea in the past has been to repay cruelty with cruelty, violence with violence, injury with injury.

The doctors now say that, scientifically, this is sheer madness. In a great many cases, probably in the majority, there is a mental cause for social wrongdoing. The thing is to find it, and cure it.

This, of course, is the Christian method. Old-fashioned theologians called it "saving the soul."

There is no namby-pamby sentimentalism about this new treatment of the criminal.

If the doctors found that their methods were encouraging crime instead of lessening it, they would confess their mistake, and retire from the field.

Prisons to hospitals

But the exact opposite is true. Wherever qualified mental specialists have been given a chance to observe and treat criminals, their efforts have been followed by a marked diminution of crime.

At Winson Green, Birmingham, the remand-prison has become a hospital, a mental infirmary.

Here men and women charged with various offences are kept under strict observation, not to decide whether they are lunatics or not, but to enable Dr. Hamblin Smith, the prison medical officer, another accomplished mind-doctor, to advise the magistrates what kind of treatment is most likely to cure the moral disorder which has eventuated in crime.

The view the Birmingham justices take of their duties is that before punishing a criminal they ought to take into account everything which skilled medical observation can discover regarding his physical and mental peculiarities, and to impose the sort of treatment that will not only chastise, but cure.

The cure of crime—that is the key-note of these modern methods. They are astoundingly successful, and because they are successful they are spreading.

Small beginnings, on the same lines as in London and Birmingham have been made at Glasgow, Brighton and Stoke-on-Trent.

The problem man

At the Tavistock Square Clinic in London, Dr. Crichton-Miller is carrying out a remarkable experiment in the treatment of unusual mental and moral problems.

The probation officers at the police courts are encouraged to send "difficult" cases along.

A youth was sent there for incorrigible stealing. He had been thrashed at home, flogged by order of the magistrates, threatened with imprisonment, all to no purpose.

His was no case of high spirits and passing naughtiness which a sound thrashing would cure.

The doctors immediately discovered a defect of the pituitary gland, an obscure physical kink well known to exert a pronounced influence upon moral behaviour.

Liberal secretion means a citizen; scanty secretion means an unrepentant criminal.

You may smile, but it is scientific truth.

The doctors cured the lad. To-day you cannot tempt him to steal.

We are spending £1,000,000 a year on prisons.

A tithe of this sum spent on rational modes of moral healing would save thousands of men and women from ruin and despair, while at the same time enabling the rest of us to sleep safer in our beds.

the now famous
side-by-side test

.... proves SALON DECCA *supreme*

Take some portable gramophones . . . any price, any make . . . Take a Decca. Take your favourite record . . . "The Fairy on the Clock," that'll do! Now put it on one of the gramophones . . . play a bar . . . pretty good . . . a bit squeaky. Try another . . . rotten . . . And another . . . Now put it on a Decca. Ah, that's the stuff. Hear the Sax. and the Drum. You get every ounce of fun the band put in when you play a record on a Decca Portable.

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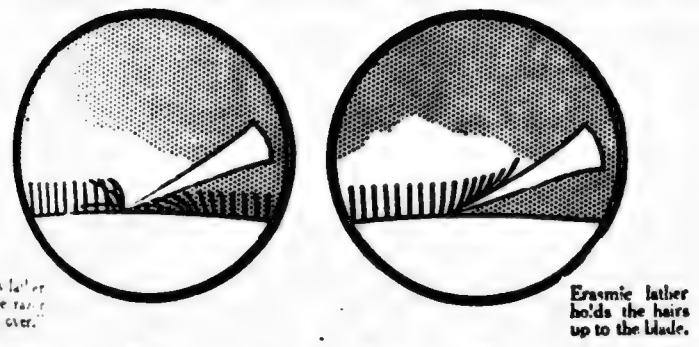

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Weak and watery lathers do not hold the hairs up firmly enough for the razor to cut through easily and cleanly close to the roots. For a really supporting lather use Erasmic Shaving Stick. It lathers generously in any kind of water, will not go dry on the face, and not only softens the beard but holds every little hair up to the blade. The Erasmic Shaving Stick also contains special ingredients which make it very soothing to the skin.

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In Nickel-container - - 1/3

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She greets him with a cheery smile

SHE likes to be at her best when he comes home. Her day is a full one—looking after a home and the children. But she is always bright and cheerful in the evening.

What keeps her so fresh?—Wrigley's. She knows that if you keep your mouth fresh, you *feel* fresh. And the pure, cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Sweetens the breath.

The Wrigley habit — "after every meal"—is recommended by doctors and dentists. Because it aids digestion . . . and cleanses the teeth. A simple rule of health, of mouth hygiene, of efficiency.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British workmen with Empire materials.

WRIGLEY'S

1D PER PACKET

E.K.7

WHEN HUSBANDS LOVE...

Betty.... you're a beauty

You smile happiness.
The same smile you gave when you said "Yes" years and years and years ago.
It thrills me. Just the same . . .
Thank you, darling . . . Golden Shred.
This "Golden Shred" is fine. It's like you, Betty. Always the same. Always radiant. Always the very best.

'Golden Shred'

the world's finest and most delicious marmalade, made only by Robertson, from fresh fruit and pure sugar.

Mr. Bumble beats a retreat.

'My dear,' said Mr Bumble, retreating hastily as his spouse threatened him with a bowl of soapsuds, 'I did not come here to interfere with your work. It's very true you are matron here, but I came to make you a little offering of Fox's Glacier Mints You'll find them really delicious, warming, soothing, and comforting. You'll enjoy them so much that you'll thank me. You will indeed.'

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

Obtainable Wrapped 4d. Unwrapped 2½d., 1/-, and 6d Tins and Packets.

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS LTD. OXFORD ST., LEICESTER.

BROKEN BOYS of the OPEN ROAD

by

"The Tramps' Parson"

(The REV. FRANK L. JENNINGS)

YOU know, I could tell you, that they are the same fellow—but who would think the tramp is a parson?

NOT all the men who roam the highways and byways of the countryside to-day are vagabonds, ne'er-do-wells and won't - works. Among over a million unemployed there must be some thousands of good fellows who long for the work that constantly eludes them.

They leave the home-town streets and wander away; and so they come to join the growing family of nomads whom you see lurching and shuffling along the main roads and lanes.

The seasoned professional roadster, who many years ago discovered he could live tolerably well begging his food, is still to be seen. But his class was largely killed off during the war.

Yet any night in a casual ward one may see a cunning, sharp-witted veteran of some three-score years lying side by side with a youngster barely out of his teens

Nothing—

The old man is not backward in trying to train his youthful partner in the wisdom of this world, especially fighting shy of a job and telling the tale.

The average wayfarer to-day has no trade, nor is there any real probability of his obtaining work other than casual labour. He has had neither training nor discipline. He "can turn his hand to anything"—which so often means nothing.

Some of the young lads have come out of blind-alley employments. Feeling the boredom of inactivity at home, they have run away in order to see what the big world is like.

Here, then, is the situation.

The roads of this "green and pleasant land" are being constantly fed by a portion of the community who have been driven to travel by sheer inability to get work in their home districts.

To be first

They have come from distressed areas, from closed mines and workshops, and they wander to and fro, hoping against hope, fighting against the fear of destitution and pauperism.

Three hundred miles on the road, tramping all the way, has convinced me that the majority are eager to work, and if they hear of jobs in any one county they will get a move on as fast as their broken footwear will allow them to be amongst the first to sign on.

Sometimes, when the hot nights offered every inducement to stay out rather than be penned up in the close, unsavoury atmosphere of a casual ward, I have passed on the open road little companies of four and six vagrants who were making all haste to reach a likely field of labour.

Scores of my roadster pals walked day and night in order to be among the first to reach Ford's works at Dagenham, Essex, directly they heard that new motor-works were to be opened there.

I met Durham and Welsh miners in St. Albans "spike"—as they call the casual ward—who were making their way into Kent to get taken on at the newly-opened coal-pits.

Among the number rejected I found always that there were at least four times too many work-seekers applying to farmers for the seasonal jobs of pea-picking, potato-digging and hop-picking, even though the pay averages only about 9d. an hour.

In Wales, some water-works were reconstructed, and "cloggers" from all parts of the country flocked in such large numbers that the works foreman sent round to the neighbouring casual wards to say that he had all the men he required.

There was, I remember, also a big rush to the beet-fields in Lincolnshire.

The charge that the modern vagrant is a work-shy can be laughed out of court.

An evil school

From first-hand knowledge, based on several expeditions covering a period of many months, I say unhesitatingly that 75 per cent. of men on the road to-day would jump at work with reasonable pay

The remaining 25 per cent. is made up of professionals, can't-works and mentally deficients.

The tragedy is that the open road is an evil training-school for the genuine work-seeker.

Roughing it day after day, living on "pick-ups," and trekking from town to town, pulls down both physique and morale. Soon the inevitable happens.

The man willing to work grows heart-weary and disillusioned. His constitution becomes undermined, his vitality sapped, and in a verminous half-naked condition he roves about seemingly doomed to pursue a hopeless round of monotonous existence.

To get a little food and shelter he is drawn to the casual ward.

What does our casual ward system provide for the legitimate seeker for work in his struggle? Very little. It tends to keep him down.

We do not want our workhouses to become palaces; but, considering the heavy expense of their maintenance, it seems reasonable to suggest that we can evolve a better system than that which merely receives casuals, and after a few hours' detention sends them on again to the next "spike."

There is a remedy

No useful work is done. The willing-to-works are not separated from the won't-works; old and young, superior and half-insane, are herded together, and on the strength of a "breakfast" scrape meal the wayfarer is released almost at mid-day, too late for him to seek a likely job.

The system breeds tramps rather than makes men. It subsidises crime by treating the vagrant worse than the criminal.

Some of us believe that there is a remedy for the present state of affairs, and we are seeking to make that remedy permanent by establishing training colonies, where both middle-aged and young unemployed can and will be taught certain trades as brick-making, bread-baking, rug-making, etc.

We know that in Denmark a system of graded labour colonies meets the needs of various classes of men, who are kept in a state of efficiency and are thus ready for work when it is obtainable.

We know, too, that in Germany great towns have been supplied with electricity by means of peat cut by vagrants on the road; also, by utilising their labour, large areas of barren land have been afforested.

We believe that we can do much to rescue from the road the young and the genuine work-seeker, and even though we shall meet with disappointments, we shall be satisfied that we are at least trying to solve what is a grave national problem.

SOMETHING GREAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN ON

MARCH 17

£50

1st. PRIZE £50
2nd. PRIZE £20
3rd. PRIZE £10
4th. PRIZE £5
5th. PRIZE £2
250 PARCELS (each value 10/-) of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

WAITING FOR YOU

for a Limerick last line

There was an old sailor of Sark,
Who trod on a tack in the dark;
When asked "Does it hurt?"
He was heard to assert

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Directors' decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, February 21, 1930.**
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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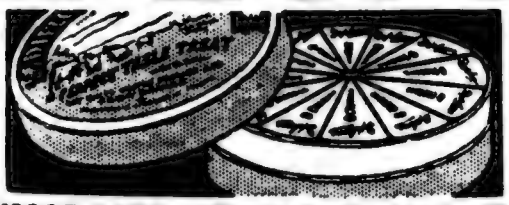

Cheddar or Cheshire

6, 8 or 12 portions
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All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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EMPIRE APPLES
CANADIAN

Canadian apples are available in this country from September to April. To be sure of getting them, look for the Maple Leaf price ticket as shown above —red background with green lettering.

Canadian Apples

BRITISH TO THE CORE

Proof Positive

Mr. & Mrs. H. Stone, 3, The Terrace, Harbledown, Canterbury, write :—

"From 7 months old our little boy was tormented with eczema, and though we spent pounds on Doctors' and Chemists' bills, took him to see Specialists and for 6 months had him treated at 2 different Skin Hospitals, yet he got no relief from the dreadful irritation. When he reached 2½ years of age we decided to try Clarke's Blood Mixture. After 3 bottles his improvement was great and he could sleep at night. Now his Skin is clear and our friends hardly know him for the same child.

Master Stone.

that Clarke's Blood Mixture removes the cause of the complaint from the blood and has astonishing healing properties.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

Is especially valuable in the treatment of The Blood, Skin, Glands, Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Eczema, Sores, Abscesses, Ulcers.

3/- per bottle—six times the quantity, 12/-.
Avoid cheaper substitutes said to be "just as good."

NOT A HAIR'S BREADTH DIFFERENCE!

Never let your hair show the traces of a trying day in town. At night it will still retain its early-morning gloss and neatness if you use Anzora. Refuse substitutes.

Anzora Cream, for greasy scalp; Anzora Violata for dry scalp. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

Working Woman's WONDER MENU

I AM a Frenchwoman living in England. That is why I would ask the women, especially the poorer women, of this country:

"Do you get value for your money? Is every farthing of your housekeeping allowance used to the best advantage?"

I think perhaps not. A Frenchwoman in England sees with the eyes of a Frenchwoman. When she is in France she thinks all the time of how to get the most from what money she has.

She does the same in England, and she cannot help her surprise when she looks at the dustbin of her neighbour, who is perhaps not so well off, and sees scraps that she herself would scorn to throw away.

And she sees her English neighbour spending money so wastefully, money which can ill be afforded.

Let me tell you how my husband and myself and three children live in comfort on £3 a week.

I am married to an Englishman and he earns a weekly wage of £2 10s. I earn perhaps 10s. by sewing and dressmaking, and sometimes cooking for other people.

We have three little girls, all under seven.

WE live in three small rooms, for which we pay 12s. 6d., in a cheap neighbourhood, and, let me tell you, those rooms took a good deal of finding.

The girls sleep in one room, my husband and I in another, and we use the third for kitchen, scullery, work-room and living-room.

We have then £3 a week for everything—rent, savings, washing, clothes, boots, light, cooking, small housekeeping expenses, pocket-money—and food. And there are five mouths to feed.

First, my husband keeps 10s. for his fares, tobacco and mid-day meal.

From the £2 10s. that is left we must take 12s. 6d. for rent, leaving £1 17s. 6d.

And there is the rainy day that people so often forget. Frenchwomen always save something—however little. I put 5s. away every week.

There is left £1 12s. 6d., and we have said nothing of light and heat.

My average for lighting, by using gas in the sitting-room and candles in the bedrooms, is 2s. 3d., and my coal will come to an average of 2s., by using briquettes and rubbish to bank the fire.

There is £1 8s. 3d. left, and before we come to food, I have still to pay for soda, soap, blacking, matches, cleaning powder and floor polish—say 1s. 6d.

CAN YOU DO IT?

BRITISH people are always prepared to listen and learn. This family budget, given quite genuinely by a Frenchwoman living in England, may sound almost impossible. Still, lots of people have to make good on little money.

JOHN BULL thinks a heartier diet breeds better people, but it will be interesting to know how people really do manage in these hard times on small incomes. We invite opinions in our Letter Parliament on page 30—"The Miracle of Economy in My Home."

Out of the £1 6s. 9d., I must buy all food and pay for mending clothes and boots.

We will put aside £1 1s. for necessary food and keep 5s. 9d. for clothing, repairs of all kinds. I seldom spend so much as 5s. 9d. on this, because the only clothes we buy new are a suit very occasionally for my husband, and boots.

These we pay for out of our savings, but all the other clothes I make. So that, with care, I can often buy little luxuries to supplement the menu from this money.

Sometimes we do without the luxuries and go to the kinema, and sometimes my husband will pay for this out of his 10s. or from occasional overtime.

Before I tell you just how I spend my guinea you shall see the kind of meals that I prepare.

The keynote of my menu, like that of every other Frenchwoman, is variety and economy.

And the more economy you exercise the more variety you can get.

To begin, we cannot have an expensive breakfast. In any case, I do not want more than a roll and tea, and the children come back from school just after twelve, which means an early dinner for them.

My husband has bacon, sometimes with fried tomato, or fish, a little butter and different kind of jam every day, and tea.

The children have tea or bread and milk and bread and jam.

FOR the mid-day meal the children and myself have soup, different each day, even if made orginally from the same things.

Every other day I give them a little meat if they want it. Or perhaps they have rice or spaghetti or macaroni, or macaroni cheese, and occasionally an apple each as a sweet.

With tea (about half-past four), which is the children's last meal, they have bread and butter or jam (different kinds), or bread and cheese, or scones which I make, or potted meat which I have put through the mincing machine. A change every day as they want something repeated.

Again, I do not eat much at [illegible] is a meal I should never have in France, and my husband and I [illegible] our dinner at 6.30.

For dinner we have soup again, perhaps what has been left from the day meal, with something added.

If, on the other hand, this [illegible] soup, what is left will be used for children's meal next day.

THIS is followed by a little piece of steak, beaten almost flat, or omelette with chopped meat or bacon inside, or perhaps a ragout made from the meat which was used for the soup, or scraps bought very cheap made into some appetising dish with the remains of vegetables.

If there is enough of the right vegetables, I make a salad.

After this we have either cheese or a sweet. Often we have "pain perdu" for a sweet—that is, pieces of bread dipped in batter, thrown into boiling fat, and sprinkled with sugar.

When I have a shilling or two over from the clothing money the children will get some little delicacy for the mid-day meal, and I make an extra for our dinner. So on those days my husband and I have a [illegible] courses.

MY food bill, which does not include occasional luxuries from my weekly 5s. 9d. allowance, differences each week, comes out something like this:

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Bread	3	6	Sugar [illegible]		
Milk	4	1	Butter [illegible]		
Meat	4	0	Lard		
Tea	2	0	Condiments [illegible]		
Vegetables ..	2	6	Cheese, [illegible]		
Rice & cereals	0	6	apples		
Eggs	0	9	Jam		
Total			£1	1	0

It cannot be done without [illegible] every scrap and wasting nothing. It cannot be done by buying large [illegible] at week-ends.

It cannot be done without planning. The markets must be visited [illegible] must be prepared in the house or bought ready cooked. It means hard work and little rest.

But it is the French way. And believe me, Frenchwomen think it worth while.

What couldn't I do to a lager!

When it's a case of thirst, the law's no ass. It knows a good brew when it tastes one! Our learned friend holds a brief for lager. Lager brewed by Barclay's. Lager with the true tang and a handsome head of froth. Winking with inward joy. Served in the cream of condition. Barclay's light or Barclay's dark, both fit 'refreshers' for legal thirsts!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or dark — the drink for a lordly thirst

you know the CIGARETTES you'll like the packing

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

FLAT FIFTY

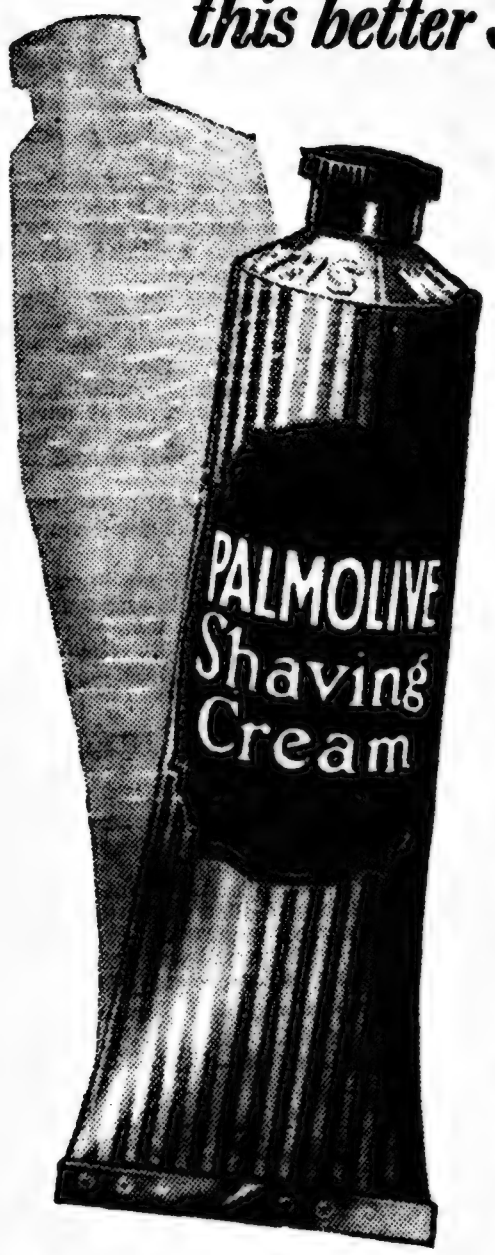
Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes

50 for 2/6

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Amazing

the number of men who adopt this better Shaving Cream



In a few short years Palmolive Shaving Cream has attained the leadership in a competitive field. There are good reasons for this marvellous climb.

Millions of men have tried Palmolive Shaving Cream—before making a decision. Now records show that 87 out of every 100 men adopt Palmolive Shaving Cream permanently.

The shaving preparation you use now may give you satisfaction. Still, there may be a better way. So we urge you to try Palmolive, once. You're the judge of whether it suits you, so there's no risk.

Before we made a single tube of shaving cream, we went to 1,000 men for advice. We asked them what the ideal shaving cream should do. Then our chemists tried and discarded 129 different formulas before we were satisfied, before we had found the one we knew would win men from old favourites.

We want you to try Palmolive Shaving Cream. To test on your own beard the amazing difference in shaving comfort that it brings.

Just cut the coupon and send for a 7-shave test. We know you'll be convinced. Send before you forget!

Use also Palmolive After-Shaving Talc. It takes away that after-shave shine and gives that fresh, clean look. Created especially for men.

5 *amazing new features*

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

7 SHAVE TEST

Simply insert name and address and send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to PALMOLIVE, Dept. S.C., 21, Eagle Street, London, W.C.1.

Name .....

Address .....

PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY. J.B. 8.2.30

What happens WHEN DOGS miss EXERCISE.

As dogs have a non-porous skin and cannot get rid of blood impurities through the pores, daily exercise is necessary to prevent the liver becoming sluggish.

When dogs miss their usual exercise through the weather keeping their owners indoors, their blood soon becomes impure and lowers the whole system.

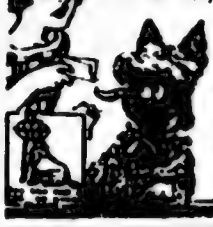
You can keep your dog in fine condition all through the winter, despite loss of exercise, by giving him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders. These Powders remove all impurities from the blood and tone up the whole system. For 37 years nearly every famous Breeder has kept his dogs in condition and free from illness by giving them Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders. For your dog's sake always keep a packet handy.

Since 1892 the best-known Doggie Remedy

BOB MARTIN'S

TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

6d. per packet of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops and Chemists.



Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders cure *and prevent* all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema and Shedding Coat irregularly.* Made (since 1892) by BOB MARTIN, LTD., Southport, Lancs.

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H. SAMUEL Ltd. (Dept. 190), Market St., Manchester.

WRITE TO-DAY!

VAPEX INHALANT

The Colds that others give us

More colds are caught through contact with infected persons than from any other cause. Make a habit of putting a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief every morning, so that you can breathe the vapour during the day when exposed to infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.47 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Should a NURSE Tell—

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Her Patients' Secret?

WHILE I was doing the work of a district nurse, I became very interested in one of my patients, an unmarried mother, who nearly lost her life and could obtain no help whatever from her betrayer.

We often talked of this man. I was shown his photograph and given all the details.

Since then I have taken a post in a mental hospital, where the case of this girl has been brought back to my mind most uncomfortably.

I have been in attendance upon a young woman subject to attacks of violent insanity. She raves and shouts at the top of her voice against "her betrayer."

The name she curses is the same as that of the father of my first patient's infant.

Now comes the crux of my problem. I have received a letter from a very close girl-friend telling of her forthcoming marriage, and asking me to meet her future husband.

The letter surprised me, for it suggested that my friend had been swept off her feet by a man she had met only a week or two previously.

I went, and found the coming bridegroom none other than the father of my first patient's child and the very man whose conduct had driven the other to insanity.

In the circumstances, as nurses must always keep their patients' secrets, what is my duty?

"HUMANIST" says: If you are absolutely sure of your facts and feel you must intervene, tell the man what you know. When you hear his version you will know better what to do.

FIRE-DEVOURED

nest-egg

THE wife of a working man, I am able to mend and make my own and my children's clothes. This means that the January sales are my harvest-time, for it is then I can pick up bargains in piece-goods and make a little go a very long way.

Thinking to have a rare nest-egg in hand for spending, I skimped and saved all last year, paying into a clothing club, so that I could draw out the money with interest on the last day of the old year.

This I did, and coming home elated put the notes on the kitchen-table while I unpacked my shopping.

Then I cleared away the litter, and to my horror realised that I had swept into the fire along with the waste-paper all my treasured savings.

The blow of this awful loss has made me ill. Is there any way in which I can recover the money?

"HUMANIST" says: If you recovered any fragments of the notes, see if these bear the denomination. Any which do will be recoverable at the bank, but otherwise the result of your unlucky action will remain a complete loss.

PARSON FUNKS

facing the music

MY stipend as a clergyman is slender, and my wife is in ill-health; but that is not the cause of my present difficulties.

Some years ago a business friend wished to undertake a new enterprise, for which a surety for a large amount was needed.

The man was well known, a pillar of the church, and I would have staked my life on his integrity.

He knew that I possessed private means, and when he asked me to "lend my name" as a guarantor of his honesty I hardly gave the matter a thought as I signed the proffered document.

This careless case was my undoing. I found I had become a sort of sleeping-partner in a business conducted on a most shaky foundation.

He was convicted of fraud, and I, as his guarantor, was left to face the music.

I found I had not th[illegible] my liabilities, and so b[illegible] quaintance with moneylenders.

For years debt upo[illegible] accumulated, until now [illegible] a millstone round my neck, and [illegible] friend of mine who is a solicitor say[illegible] my only way out is to go bankrupt.

This I am anxious to avoid, for m[illegible] congregation would be terribly shocke[illegible]

In the circumstances, what do yo[illegible] advise?

"HUMANIST" says: Face up to you[illegible] difficulties and make out a clear cred[illegible] and debit account.

Remember that the exactions o[illegible] moneylenders thrive upon cowardic[illegible] and secrecy, and doubtless if you mak[illegible] a confidant of the bishop of your dio[illegible] cese some more wholesome loan can b[illegible] arranged, which, free of interest, migh[illegible] enable you to win clear of the harpies.

PRIM BUTLER'S

double life

BEGINNING as a page-boy [illegible] entered a gentleman's servic[illegible] and became his butler, livi[illegible] with him over forty years.

He was a confirmed bachelor, an[illegible] he promised to leave me a substantia[illegible] sum of money if I followed h[illegible] example. This, however, I did no[illegible] quite manage to do.

One night, when I was past my firs[illegible] youth, I met in the street a youn[illegible] girl who was alone in the world.

I befriended her, and in the en[illegible] set her up in a home where she passe[illegible] as my wife.

Three boys were born t[illegible] us, an[illegible] though I spent all the time I coul[illegible] contrive with my family, I manage[illegible] to keep my secret.

My master died and left me [illegible] weekly sum for life. Here was [illegible] chance to end my days in peace.

To my dismay, I found I was n[illegible] longer welcome at home. My son[illegible] repudiated me, their mothe[illegible] gave me the cold shoulder, and whe[illegible] I sug[illegible]gested that we could now be legall[illegible] married, she laughed in m[illegible] face.

Later I found the home [illegible]osed.

My "wife," I find, has taken a large[illegible] house in a distant town, where sh[illegible] takes in boarders and is doing well.

She says she is fed up with my prim ways, and wants nothing m[illegible] to do with me. The loneliness has me hard after all these years, yet when I tax her with it, my wife claims [illegible] with the information that I have no claim on any of them. Is this true?

"HUMANIST" says: The woman is sole legal guardian of the children. If they all detest you, how can you hope for happiness from them?

You must know what you have done to earn such unanimous dis[illegible]proval.

HERE you read so[illegible] tragic problems of real [illegible] and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped addressed envelope. For the most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 [illegible] and 10s. 6d.

Football Forecasts for February 8 by Jock Rutherford

JUDGE JOCK'S *Verdict*

FOOTBALL LEAGUE. Division I.
ARSENAL v. Everton.
ASTON VILLA v. Bolton Wanderers
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Huddersfield
LEEDS UNITED v. Sunderland.
Liverpool v. Leicester City.
MANCHESTER CITY v. Manchester U.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Birmingham.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Sheffield United
Portsmouth v. Derby County.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY v. Burnley
WEST HAM UNITED v. Grimsby Town

Division II.
BLACKPOOL v. Barnsley.
BRADFORD CITY v. Preston North End
BURY v. Bradford.
CHARLTON ATHLETIC v. Millwall
CHELSEA v. West Bromwich Albion
HULL CITY v. Reading.
Notts Forest v. Tottenham Hotspur
OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Southampton
STOKE CITY v. Notts County.
Swansea Town v. Cardiff City.
WOLVERHAMPTON v. Bristol City

Division III. (South).
BOURNEMOUTH v. Walsall.
BRENTFORD v. Watford.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Torquay United.
BRISTOL ROVERS v. Newport County
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Coventry City.
EXETER CITY v. Norwich City.
Gillingham v. PLYMOUTH ARGYLE
Luton Town v. Queen's Park Rangers
NORTHAMPTON v. Crystal Palace.
Southend United v. FULHAM.
Merthyr Town v. SWINDON TOWN.

Division III. (North).
CARLISLE UNITED v. Barrow.
CHESTERFIELD v. York City.
CREWE ALEXANDRA v. Stockport County.
Halifax Town v. Darlington.
LINCOLN CITY v. Doncaster Rovers.
Nelson v. PORT VALE.
ROCHDALE v. South Shields.
Rotherham U. v. ACCRINGTON STANLEY.
SOUTHPORT v. New Brighton.
TRANMERE ROVERS v. Hartlepools U.
Wigan Borough v. Wrexham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE. Division I.
Airdrieonians v. Motherwell.
AYR UNITED v. Falkirk.
CLYDE v. Hibernians.
COWDENBEATH v. St. Mirren
Dundee v. CELTIC.
HAMILTON A. v. St. Johnstone
Hearts v. Partick Thistle.
Morton v. ABERDEEN.
QUEEN'S PARK v. Dundee United
RANGERS v. Kilmarnock.

Division II.
ALLOA v. Dunfermline Athletic
BO'NESS v. Armadale.
Clydebank v. Queen of the South.
EAST FIFE v. St. Bernards.
EAST STIRLINGSHIRE v. Albion Rovers.
FORFAR ATHLETIC v. Brechin City.
KING'S PARK v. Dumbarton.
LEITH ATHLETIC v. Raith Rovers.
MONTROSE v. Arbroath.
Stenhousemuir v. Third Lanark.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS: Sheffield Wednesday; Blackpool; Oldham Athletic; Brentford; Northampton; Rangers.
FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Plymouth Argyle, Port Vale; Celtic; Aberdeen.
FOUR DRAWS: Luton Town v. Queen's Park Rangers; Halifax Town v. Darlington; Wigan v. Wrexham; Hearts v. Partick Thistle.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION?

Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment, but they are habit forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cramp and gripe and leave a depressed after effect.

Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestines and encourage nature's machinery to become lazy.

A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile starts to flow, the bowels move easily, the intestines are thoroughly cleansed and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys the effect of a real tonic. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Gone as if by Magic!

Throw away your razor—it only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. Don't use noxious, irritating depilatories. Apply Veet, a perfumed, velvety cream—direct from the tube. After a few moments, wipe it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. Try Veet to-day. 1/6 at all chemists.

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2 ZOX FREE

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A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING
Preface by H. G. WELLS
Five Diagrams

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From H. G. Wells' Preface.

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1/3 & 3/-

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and

so good for you

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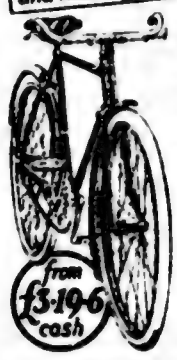

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It's a fine thing to get up from a hearty meal knowing that the food which you have enjoyed will be easily digested, without pain or any stomach suffering. Yet it's the easiest thing in the world to avoid indigestion or, if you are a habitual sufferer, to stop it and put the stomach into perfect health. Just a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water, or two or three tablets taken after eating, instantly neutralises the excess acids which cause the trouble, prevents fermentation, and soothes, heals and strengthens the inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which is sold by all chemists at 1s. 3d., is the remedy which is recommended by doctors, used in hospitals, and by thousands of one-time sufferers who have proved again and again that it is a certain reliever of all acid-caused digestive troubles. JB

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

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IN ANY LEAGUE OR ON ANY LIST.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

AFTER DEATH—What?

My Belief

IT took approximately two hundred million years to prepare the earth for sustaining life, and upwards of three hundred thousand years for man to develop to his present standard.

If death were the end, his brief tenure of three-score years is to be the sum of this colossal energy.

Happily, death is not the end, nor a heaven puerile in its conception, nor a hell gruesome in its horror.

The evolutionary chain of progress as on earth will be continued without break.

Life, with all its restless, educative preparation, if otherwise, were the ghastliest of ghastly tragedies.—*F. B., Notts.*

Limited Souls

When the world was made there were also a number of spirits created which live for eternity.

The human body is nothing more than a piece of earth which is controlled by one of those spirits which we call a soul.

My belief is that the spirit or soul which controls my body has done duty on this earth before, and after it has finished with me it will go to where we call the great beyond until such times as it has to enter another human.

Therefore my soul is not my soul.—*J. T., Deal.*

Finished

In this world there are only two things that matter, right and wrong. Do right, and there's your "heaven"; do wrong, and there's your "hell."

After death these two things do not apply. You are finished with life and they are finished with you.—*A. B. E., Yorks.*

"Namby-Pamby"

I am a busy girl typist, with very little spare time. I work hard and play hard, enjoying every moment.

Am I to believe that the future life means white robes and harps? Such an existence has no place in my thoughts.

Surely there is something greater for me—some work the wise Creator will find me; some part in the great system of things that I can play when this mortal being changes its location?—*A Birmingham Typist.*

The Old Faith

While debating in my mind my answer to the question, "After death—what?" I came across the following words written outside a south suburban place of worship. "The old faith sufficeth for the new day."

This, I think, sums up the belief, as far as most people are concerned.—*H. J., Dulwich.*

Two Ideas

"Life is a one-way street," we are told, and despite the spiritualists and theosophists, I believe that no one has ever retraced his footsteps.

At the end of the street, does the soul leave the body to corruption and pass on, or is life physically and spiritually ended?

My heart tells me the soul continues the journey; my reason that at the end of the street is the cul-de-sac of annihilation.

Torn between the two views, I do know positively that in my children I live again and that my life is helping forward that of the race.—*Agnostic, Birmingham.*

His Paradise

If all who have tried to live such a life that heavenly Paradise is assured to them after death have found their souls in heaven, it must be getting overcrowded by now.

On the other hand, if all who have deserved the tortures of hell are enduring them after death, there must by now be getting a shortage of heating material.

The average man—sinner or saint—expects after death to have done with worries of life. That's his Paradise.—*Albertsol, Halifax.*

Beyond all Creeds

I cannot accept doctrines and creeds: but when doubts arise, I find hope and peace in the firm belief that the Creator and Judge of the Universe "will do right."—*A. T. L., Carlisle.*

Wavering

My faith wavers between total extinction and reincarnation.

The doubt I experience in the former is in the realisation of the futility of our present existence, for, if death ends all, our strivings towards good are of no avail.

In the latter I again find a difficulty, as I wonder—deaths being fewer than births—what becomes of those for whom no soul is available.

Can the number of defectives be accounted for in this way?

I envy those adhering to their early faith from which the Churches' dissensions have diverted so many.—*S.O.S., Sussex.*

Rest for a Wife

Rest! What more can a wife and mother ask of the gods?

Washing, ironing, scrubbing, baking, mending, fretting, fuming, suffering in mind and body, wearing oneself out to live, surely we shall not be cheated by death out of the thing we miss most in life a quiet hour and a sense of peace.—*Mrs. J. Procter, London, W.*

Confidence

When man draws near to the gates of death all his beliefs, be he a Modernist or a Fundamentalist, will be swept aside and replaced by a quiet confidence.

This confidence is born of the knowledge that he is about to unravel the greatest of great secrets.—*Psychologist, Perth.*

And the Elephant

Biology compels me [illegible] humble lineage in common with [illegible] living creatures. About [illegible] years ago the evolutionary process [illegible] duced a self-conscious [illegible] man.

I ask myself how does [illegible] entitled to claim a survival [illegible] which he denies to the [illegible] elephant?

His brain, the seat of [illegible] activities, differs only in degree [illegible] kind, from that of the [illegible] When this complex organism [illegible] consciousness ceases and [illegible] —*M.D., Bucks.*

While You May

What happens to the [illegible] people who die annually?

The spiritualist declares [illegible] pass from this earthly life into spirit world, and that by some uncanny power they are able to mingle, unseen, amidst their loved ones upon the earth.

I do not believe in [illegible] future existence be it heaven or hell. From dust we come, to dust we return.

Therefore rejoice that you are born, and drink deeply of the wine of life.—*Parfitt, Devon.*

Other Worlds

When I look at the [illegible] that occupy space I cannot help but think that some day I shall know something about them and meet the occupants and converse amicably with them.

Death will provide me with that opportunity, for I can see no [illegible] —*D. Anderson, Altrincham.*

Some Reward

My belief is a very simple one perhaps, but it is that somehow, somewhere, after death I shall find some reward for a life of hard work and anxiety.

Without this belief I would have experienced terrible difficulty in carrying on all through the years.—*Mrs. Hayes.*

He's Gone

Nothing could be more beautiful than Cardinal Newman's idea of death as shows it in the "Dream of Gerontius." The departed spirit says:

"I had a dream; yes: some one softly said, 'He's gone'—and then there was round the room. . . . I was to sleep and now I am refreshed. . . . I feel in me an inexpressive lightness and sense of freedom. . . . I hear no more the busy beat of time."

I believe that in death I shall be conscious of nothing else but the definable sense of freedom from all sorrows and uncertainties.—*E. B. B., Cantab.*

The Cripple's Hope

As one who has been deformed and an invalid from early years I look for life after death as compensation for suffering endured here.

Surely we are entitled to a better chance with another body, both mental and physical.

Did I not believe in this I should just crawl to the gas-oven and end it all.—*C., Durham.*

• • •

Afterwards

My idea of death is a long dreamless sleep, just like a nice warm morning in bed, but without the thought of Monday morning to follow.

This life would be a dreadful affair if there were no hereafter.—*Corcutry.*

In this age of miracles and wonders scientists will eventually get in touch with the Ruling Power, and solve the question.—*B. A., Dewsbury.*

"It doesn't matter—we'll all be dead soon enough. Or else we won't matter.—*R. Dick, Glasgow.*

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, February 11.

The Miracle of Economy in My Home

(*See page 26*)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Two-a-Day Successes

OUR "Two-a-day" code double is still making the bookmakers pay.

Recent winners in Blaris, Garryhesken, Mister Moon, Arctic Star, Castletown, Peertoi, Don Sancho, and Colenso, have resulted in three successive winning weeks.

Mr. Harry Brown has returned to the saddle, perhaps with "The National" in view. Although his best three rides at Aintree—The Bore, Southampton and Conjuror II.—all started favourites, the prize has eluded him.

Easy Virtue, his "come-back" mount at Sandown, is not good enough for Aintree, but should win the Trovtown 'Chase at Lingfield this week-end.

My Saturday Double is Master Orange and Gleesome.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 6, to Wednesday, February 12.

C G D B M F E W 2 K U 9 S L Z
5 X Y P J O V 3 A I T N R H Q

V2RDEKSUTV would read EASY VIRTUE.

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below as the case may be.

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This beautiful Pianoforte or Organ will be DELIVERED FREE to your home upon receipt of 17/6 (payment completed 17/6 monthly). Crane Pianos and Organs are world-famed for perfection of tone and superb quality. There are many designs to choose from in Rosewood, Walnut, or Ebonised, hand-polished to the lustre of a jewel.

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I guarantee your satisfaction

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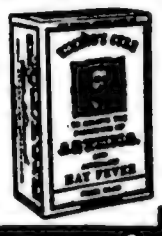


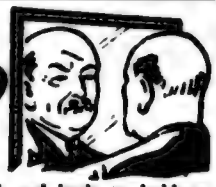
HIMROD'S Asthma Cure

A FREE OFFER!

Readers of "John Bull" are invited to try, free of charge, the merits of Palmolive Shaving Cream. Simply fill in the Coupon on page 27 and send at once for a 7 days' free test.

Turn to Page 27.

WHY BE BALD?



SCURF is an unhealthy condition of the scalp, which causes hair to fall, and leads to baldness. MODERN SCIENCE has shown how to prevent this.

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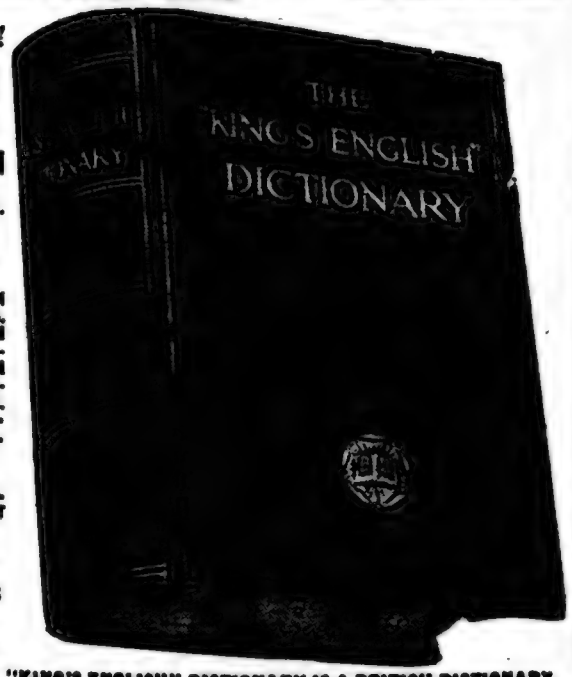

A BRITISH DICTIONARY.—THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY IS A BRITISH DICTIONARY, compiled by British Experts for British people. It contains no confusing American spellings or American definitions. It is not an Abridged Dictionary. It contains useful information only, and is not filled with obsolete words. It is bright and foremost a completely practical work of reference.

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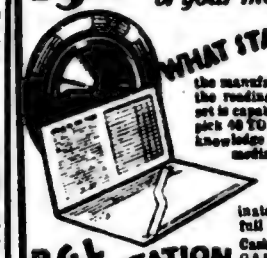

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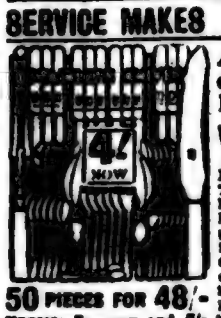

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Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

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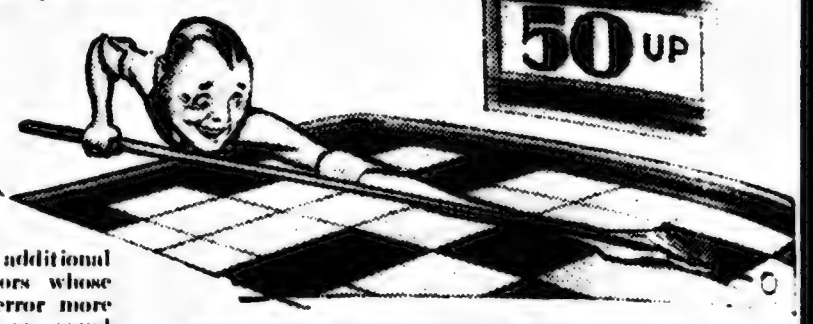
TAKE THIS CUE—AND WIN

John Bull's £500 must-be-won X-Word

50 up to-day! This is JOHN BULL's 50th Square and Fair Crossword. Here's a chance of pocketing the Great must-be-won £500 prize. Take our tip and celebrate this happy occasion by filling in every white square correctly. Stretch yourself among the cushions. Refuse to be baulked by anything. Take your fountain pen and aim at this wonderful prize!



An extra £50 for runners-up.

JOHN BULL will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 50 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), February 13th.

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale [illegible] February 20th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 27th.
Result of Crossword No. 47 appears on Page 41

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), February 13th.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp, and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 50), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, February 13th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed "— / & Co. /—" and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, February 27th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, March 4th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of 6d., which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to: **The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 50

Entry Form "A."

JB-50

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB-50

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), February 13.

CUT HERE

N.B. Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

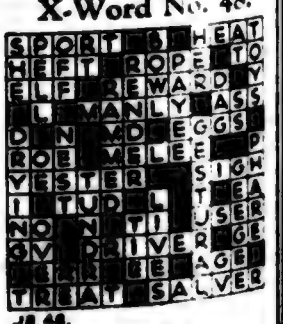
1. Cook.
4. May knock you down.
8. Chief citizen.
9. Kind of fancy bread.
11. Make a sound as a dove.
12. Feminine pronoun.
13. A regulation.
15. Features of the coast.
16. Damaged.
18. What happens to John Gilpin.
19. A pig.
22. Haul.
23. What an aeroplane does.
24. Employ.
26. An author.
27. Modern youth's craze.
28. Old convict.
29. Male cat.
30. Measures the gas.
31. Repair.
32. A fop.

Clues Down.

1. Familiar to farmer.
2. Charge.
3. Every one separately.
4. Used in weaving.
5. Cereal.
6. Sailors are familiar with.
7. Fill it in below.
10. Skinny.
12. The noddle.
14. Makes fun.
15. Pertained to.
17. Recover a pledge.
18. Pull a vessel.
19. Use with the hands.
20. Infuriated.
21. Describes a windy day
22. Measure of quantity.
23. A blot.

Chambers's 20th Century [illegible] Nuttall's Dictionary [illegible] used in compiling [illegible]

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 48.



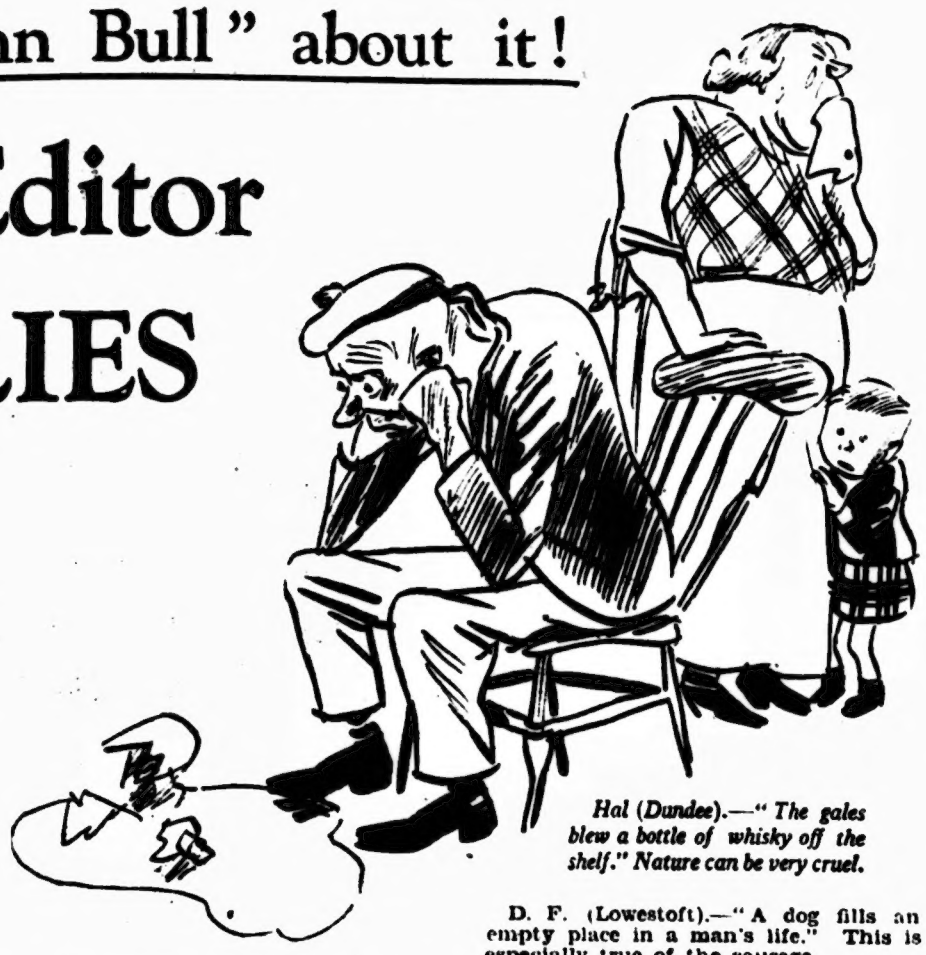
JB.48.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 48 is given here with as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that the claims are required for the X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this Crossword try a "Happy X-Word" in "The Passing Show." Friday. 2d. £100 First Prize. £25 for runners-up. THREE attempts for your 6d.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The Editor REPLIES



Hal (Dundee).—"The gales blew a bottle of whisky off the shelf." Nature can be very cruel.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

R. B. Runcorn).—"I should like to ... suddenly ... find myself ... Take up boxing.

A. K. (Stockport).—"The silver has ... handed down from father to son." ... from son to uncle?

R. B. (Chorley Wood).—"Where are ... young comedians?" Ask any proud ... her if he knows of one.

F. N. (Rochampton).—"I am happy ... say that I am having riding lessons." ... expect you feel frightfully bucked.

F. T. (Ashmore).—"In one scene of ... play real beer is provided." That ... uld go down well.

R. B. (Victoria).—"So I took my ... umps in both hands." Were you ... afraid of spilling it?

R. H. (Ely).—"War broke out soon ... after I was married." Have you signed ... peace yet?

R. H. (Forfar).—"Is there a cure for ... love at first sight?" Oh, yes. A second ... more careful look.

R. H. (Dundee).—"What did you ... think of Radio Week?" Not very much ... your radio was too weak.

R. H. (Chetwood).—"Some magistrates ... are too much." There is always one ... person in the court who thinks their ... fellow's sentence is too long.

R. N. (Egham).—"Prohibition is in ... force in certain Scottish villages." If ... the idea succeeds it is thought that ... Parliament might give it a trial.

R. D. (Maidenhead).—"I make five ... thousand a year now, but wouldn't think ... of going back to the old job." No, hearing you ... say so doesn't make us think it either.

J. Colwyn).—"She doesn't sing ... now that she's married and got a ... couple of babies." Children are a comfort, aren't they?

T. Amersham).—"Women like to ... think they have a sense of humour." ... Hence the short stories to display their ... funny-bones.

A. P. Sevenoaks).—"I encourage my ... husband to sit on the easy chair with ... his legs on the mantelpiece." Ever find ... any small change on the chair?

G. Henden).—"After I had made ... up with my neighbour he killed one ... of my chickens with a chopper." That ... was a way to bury the hatchet.

J. Harrow).—"An engineer has ... invented a motor-car that blows itself ... up." Now for something to inflate ... pedestrians.

J. (Grafton).—"We shouldn't ... let children ... Animals don't punish ... their young." Have you ever seen a ... monkey smoking a pipe?

N. Hackney).—"Widows generally ... write the epitaphs for their husbands' ... tombstones." Their idea, of ... course, to have the last word.

L. F. (Goole).—"My wife is not interested in fiction." Just try telling her the tale.

D. W. (Marylebone).—"My father is familiar with many tongues." Is he a linguist or a doctor?

F. J. (Maidenhead).—"A Detroit man sued for breach of promise was ordered to pay £90,000." Many men would pay more to have no mother-in-law,

F. K. (Camden Town).—"When spending a day in the country recently I caught three large moles." We had no idea that moles were infectious.

G. J. (Clapham).—"Some wives find their husbands sharp and irritable at night." Some women can't find their husbands at all at night.

C. G. (Staines).—"New charabancs have card-tables for the use of passengers." Well, lorry-drivers often have a little nap on the road.

B. G. (Oxford).—"Motor horns and hooters should be standardised in pitch and a more melodious note adopted." We suggest B sharp.

D. S. (Yarmouth).—"Motor-cars are not improving our younger generation." That's nothing to what the younger generation is doing to our motor-cars.

H. C. (Hyde Park).—"Policemen at football matches are going to be armed with revolvers." Won't it be thrilling when spectators shout "Shoot!"

G. J. (London, N.).—"I have just received my final demand for income-tax." You are too optimistic. In this life there is no final demand for income-tax.

D. S. (Oundle).—"Scientists say that the sun is good for another two hundred million centuries." At the rate we use it in England it should last for ever.

D. F. (Lowestoft).—"A dog fills an empty place in a man's life." This is especially true of the sausage.

F. E. (Calster).—"The latest motors are fitted with two horns." Is the latest idea to toss the pedestrian.

B. S. T. (London, W.).—"Our scientists believe that we can get west by going east." So do our taxi-drivers.

D. R. (Taunton).—"What does a woman want a fifty-guinea fur coat for?" Ten guineas.

T. H. (Dawlish).—"Although eighty years of age, I do physical jerks every morning." So it's never too late to bend.

P. O. (Keighley).—"I saw a hundred trucks of turnips on the line." So prepare for the new slogan, "Eat more jam."

L. D. (Ashford).—"A business man ought to have at least two hours for lunch." So your waiter is like that, too, is he?

D. B. (Harwich).—"You can now tour the world on the easy-payment system." But just fancy falling down in your payments in China or Afghanistan.

E. B. (Calshot).—"It is forecast that next summer will last well into October." But there is no suggestion as to when it is going to commence.

T. C. (Birmingham).—"School-children have to sit and listen to a lot of utterly useless lectures." So have their fathers.

D. B. (Crawley).—"It is said that the female crab has a million young at a birth." No wonder Papa Crab's eyes stick out so far.

W. K. (Gosport).—"The best cure for insomnia is counting." Boxers know that; many of them are fast asleep before ten is reached.

S. C. (Highbury).—"It would take forty million atoms to cover a square inch." Then we shall patch our lawn with grass-seed as usual.

G. K. (Coventry).—"I tell you that this is the age of the clever woman." But you can't tell us the clever woman's age.

J. B. (Melrose).—"I have given up smoking in the house; but I must admit that it took a very strong will." Your wife's?

L. B. (Bristol).—"How does one find out the distance between the earth and the sun?" Calculate a quarter of the distance and multiply it by four.

G. M. S. (Southport).—"What can you do if your neighbour keeps thumping on the piano all day long?" Strike a £300 note on the "Bullets" piano this week and move elsewhere.

S. H. (Raynes Park).—"International athletics would be a very good aid to world peace." Not until someone invents a contest which both sides could win.

C. M. (Colchester).—"A scientist says that the earth's population is increasing at the rate of 50,000 per day and that there are grave fears of congestion." Don't worry—motor-cars are increasing almost as rapidly.

G. N. (Hoxton).—"The secret of success is to find out exactly what people want." And then corner it.

P. R. (Margate).—"I only see my wife for an hour a day." Well, an hour soon passes.

W. D. (Faversham).—"He is more polite to his cook than to his wife." Well, it's easy to get a wife.

C. H. (Reading).—"She only kisses me when she wants money." Isn't that often enough?

L. P. (Catterick).—"I'm not afraid of lawyers. What is a lawyer, after all?" After all your money.

S. T. (Boston).—"When I can't sleep at night I get up and write poetry." Insomnia is a terrible thing.

MOTHER (Darlington).—"My boy always goes to school with a smile on his face." The young hypocrite.

ACTOR (Morpeth).—"I get a bill to myself every week." The landlady's bill?

F. T. (East Ham).—"Where can I get really cheap food?" In almost any expensive boarding-house.

G. A. (Godalming).—"Few clergymen write their own sermons." Then they are not as much to blame as we thought.

P. D. (Swansea).—"A scientist says that the inside of a star is a hurly-burly of atoms, electrons and ether waves." That must be what they call "temperament."

CENTENARIAN (Wisbech).—"I attribute my age to frugal living, no smoking and plenty of fresh air." But the fact that you were born in 1830 surely has a little to do with it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side-Slips

... humour from the current Press are welcome, but not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. ... item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

DAILY SKETCH: ... Between 29 and 30 ... the most ... TEN YEARS of a ... man's life."

SPORTS BUDGET: ... Put the GLASS to ... lips and ... gently down his ... said the ...

EVENING CITIZEN: ... Men's ALL-WOOD ... Gowns ...

... WEEKLY NEWS: ... gratitude they ... teaching."

... CHRONICLE AND ... made the presen- ... which ... Mr. ——'s

... BOYS:—"Suddenly ... heavily hand ... GAVE A SHOUT."

... AND STANLEY NEWS:—"Won- ... offer of ladies' ... cotton HOSE. Sale ...

PONTYPRIDD OBSERVER:—"After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride. There were numerous useful and beautiful presents. Subject to VERY LOW RESERVE PRICES."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"In the first-floor bedroom was found my wife's EMPTY jewel case, which CONTAINED a diamond necklace, diamond watch, a necklace set with pearls, a gold handbag and valuable bracelets and rings."

THE CAT BURGLAR:—"Simpson was STANDING ERECT, LEANING ON his SHOVEL."

THE WIZARD:—"Mother kept the GOLDEN LOCKS which she had cut from their OWN BALD HEADS when they were babies."

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"THE WINNER" IS THE ONLY NEWSPAPER WHICH CONDUCTS A FREE ADVISORY SERVICE!

If you read **"THE WINNER"** you are allowed to send to the Editor up to **12 "BULLETS" OF YOUR OWN MAKING,** and he will personally tell you what he thinks about them. This **FREE ADVISORY SERVICE** has already proved **WONDERFULLY BENEFICIAL** to thousands of competitors. Here, for instance, is a copy of an unsolicited testimonial actually received by **"THE WINNER"** from a **"BULLETS"** enthusiast:

"Dear 'Winner,' As a very grateful competitor, may I thank you for the great help received from the 'Advisory Bureau.' On my very best form rewarded for about one effort out marked 'Excellent Exemplary.' I consequence, I received a prize from 'Bullets' No. 74; not a 'Target or 25 Odd,' but a 'Gold-lined Pamper and £2. Truly an encouraging beginning, especially as I had considered two other efforts better. But your 'Advice' excited me, and altered my opinion. Once more, I thank you, and please send me one more 1d. postcard. (L. Clark, Catterick Camp.)"

In **"THE WINNER"** you will not only find **EXPERT HINTS AND ADVICE FOR "BULLETS" AND ALL OTHER LITERARY COMPETITIONS,** but also -

THE WORLD'S BEST SOLUTIONS (WITH COMPLETE ALTERNATIVES) FOR EVERY CROSSWORD AND PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST RUNNING TO-DAY!

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NOTE.—Make sure IT'S "THE WINNER"—don't be put off with IMITATIONS.

CHILDREN of the SHADOWS

VIOLET'S mother fainted when she had to tell the court why her little girl had been absent from school. Small wonder, too, for she has partly recovered from a severe operation. It was whilst she was in Hospital that her husband kept Violet at home to look after her baby brother, aged five.

"Violet stayed at home . . ."

Now it is the father who is lying in hospital and the little boy is in an infirmary.

The mother, who overexerted herself after her operation, has to stay and look after the other children. She lost a baby last May, and isn't going to risk losing another.

What a tragedy this little woman's life has been! Her childhood was shadowed by her mother's unhappy married life, which ended in the asylum.

Eight out of the eleven years of her married life her husband has been in and out of work mostly out.

Now, when he is in regular work at a low wage, sickness has overtaken him, and for the first three weeks he was in hospital his wife had nothing coming in.

The guardians are giving help at present, but this does not enable her to clear her back rent or provide boots for her ten-year-old boy and Violet, or provide the fare for visits to her husband and sick little one.

If our readers will determine to give "The Greatest of These—" Fund a bumper week by subscribing generously, they will be doing something splendid, something practical to help this little woman and her children.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. *All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* John Bull.

Kimbolton, 2s. 6d.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; W. H. Fox, 1s.; Prittlewell and Southend Nurse, 5s.; W. Richardson and Haslett, 5s.; S. J. Uptold (Cowley), 5s.; R. G. Hayes (Chesham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Craven, 2s. 6d.; I. Davies (Aberarth), 2s.; Mrs. R. Legg (Wincanton), 5s.; Mr. Thos. Clark (Edinburgh), £1; Mr Wm. Connor (Poplar), 2s. 6d.; Aberdonian, 1s.; Mrs. W. Hookey (Shanklin), 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Granddad, 1s.; R. Johnson (Erdington), 1s. 6d.; A. F. Knowles, 5s.; Mrs. B. Hayden (Lowestoft), 12s.; Grateful Widow (C. G.), 1s.; E. Smith (Ambleside), 5s.; Reader (Innerbethen), 5s.; Toby, 6d.; Thoughtful Bolton an, 1s.; N. Carradale, 10s.; G. E. H. (Blackburn), 3s.; Billie, 4½d.; In Memory of My Dear Ones, 2s. 6d.; G. A. W., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Miss E. A. Gilbert, 1s.; M. B. M., 2s.; W. A. Crawford (Wolverhampton), 2s. 6d.; H. Jones (Dorridge), 12s. 6d.; Anon. (Wembley), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Helen Berkeley, 1s.; Mrs. G. Smith (Birmingham), 1s.; Happy Xmas, 6d.; L. Walton, 1s.; Ped, 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hicking, 2s.; S. L., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. L. Keepe, 2s.; B. Hamb, 6d.; L., 6d.; Noel, 10s.; R. Cruickshank (Padanaram), 6d.; Nicotine (5th), £1 1s.; No. 33, 4s.; Anon. (Henley-on-Thames), 1s.; Mrs. Lyon, 2s.; Old Age Pensioner (Bawtry), 10s.; Anon. (Oxford), 3s.; M. Hannon (Talfield), 1s.; Anon. (Preston), 2s. 6d.; 1930 (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; Helped, £1; P. Williams (Earlsfield), 2s. 6d.; J. J. Johnson (Yeovil), 5s.; Mrs. Langdon (Walthamstow), 5s.; H. P. I., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Blanchon, 6d.; Well Wisher (Tunbridge Wells), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Old Soldier (Malta), 10s.; T. Stratford Worboys, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Pittam (Nuneaton), 2s. 6d.; D. W. (Bullets 740, Third), 5s.; M. W. (Finchley), 5s.; Anon. (Manchester), 1s. 9d.; Anon., 1s.; Minnetonka, 2s.; B. M. J., M. A. S. B., 2s. 6d.; L. S., 2s.; Tenth (Mile End), 2s.; Mrs. A. E. D., 4s.; In Loving Memory of Dolly, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Rochester), 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgements unavoidably held over).

"I'll beat those big fellows!"

LOOK at the grim determination on the face of that little fellow who is second from the left in the picture! "I'll beat those big fellows," is what he seems to be saying!

Down they all come, arms and legs in a tangle, and likely as not someone pays the penalty of a broken limb.

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BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mr. J. Graham, 7, Grey St., Bowling Back Lane.
BURY.—Mr. J. Carnt, 32, Parsonage Street.
CAMBORNE, CORNWALL.—Mr. A. T. Curran, 42, Railway Cottages.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. M. A. Moore, 59, Llantarnam Rd., Cathays.
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LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. [illegible], Dingle House.
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MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. [illegible], wood, 64, Grove Hill.
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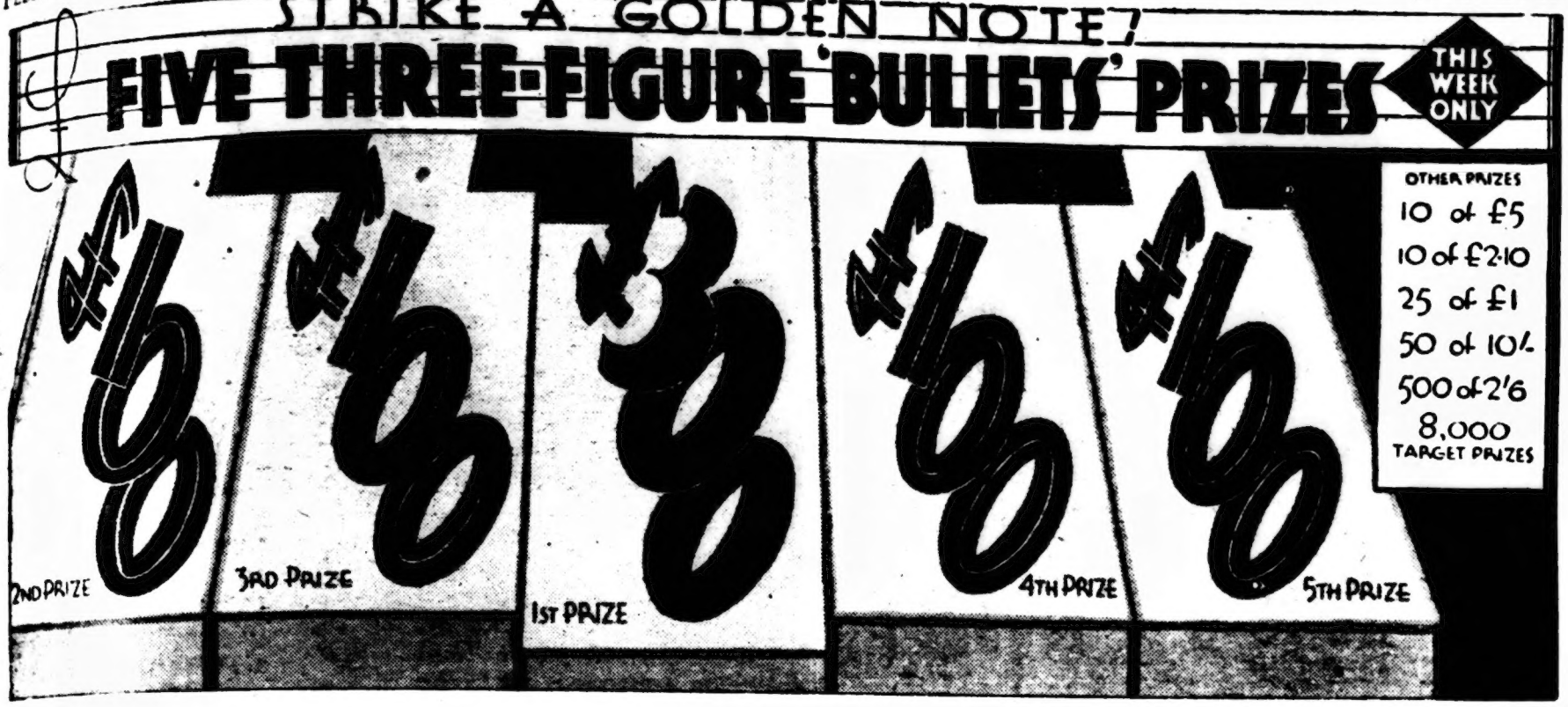

JOIN THE "BULLETS" BIG FIVE!

INDULGE in a little five-finger exercise with a pen and you may be one of the five *Bullets* composers to be awarded a three-figure cash prize in this record one-week prize-list. No tedious practice is necessary. You may strike the right note at your first attempt, as others have done, and then you will soon be rhapsodising over *Bullets* with the rest of our big prize-winners.

First study the twenty-three *Bullets* which have brought £1,000 in cash prizes to winners this week. Then read the list of *Examples*, and to one which attracts your attention add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* WHY HE'S SORE, the addition of the words INVESTOR "WENT DOWN HEAVILY" would complete a *Bullet*.

OVER £1,000 AWARDED THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £850, COMPETITION No. 744.

Mr. William Hodgson, Rock Café, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
Example:—IT'S QUITE TIME THAT
Bullet:—"CITY" HELPED "COUNTRY" RECUPERATE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. J. Marshall, 23, Dalton Lane, Dalton, Rotherham.
Example Stab In The Back
Bullet From Landlady's "Feather-bed."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. West, 2, Broadway, Maidenhead.
Example No Unemployment When
Bullet Our "Business Is Fighting."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

R. J. BIBBS, 22, Leicester Street, Wolverhampton.
Left On The Doorstep—"Little Bundle"—No "Knot."

R. A. COLES, 29, Greenway Avenue, Taunton.
Left On The Doorstep—Soap—Another "Tablet" Needed.

S. FITZPATRICK, 57, Roupell Street, Lambeth, S.E.
Cure For The Blues—Something Comical, Not Chemical.

Mrs. P. G. HEATON, 15, Morris Green Lane, Bolton.
A Bad Job—Peace Dove, "Dicky" Bird.

W. G. LASSAM, 26, Butts Road, Alton, Hants.
What A Shame!—Left At That, Shameful!

A. W. LEWIS, Red Cross, Silverton, Exeter.
I May Be A Fool—But—"Suffered Gladly" In Trenches.

R. MALLINSON, 96, Rodney Street, West Hartlepool.
Considering Taxpayer Is Worth *That*.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash.
Stab In The Back—Gossip—Yet Verdict, "Drowned."

J. W. PATTESON, 128, Grafton Street, Grimsby.
Mr. Stick-In-The-Mud—Feared Expansion—Grew Smaller.

S. C. PERT, The Bakery, Spital, Windsor.
Wonderful Future—Two Hemispheres—One "Atmosphere."

10 PRIZES OF £2:10:0 EACH.

T. N. ALWAY, 122, Ashley Road, Bristol.
Wonderful Future—Ahead—Less Arms Afoot.

S. BROWNE, 157, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, London, S.E.
Man She Didn't Marry — Last Seen "Cuddling" Lamp-post.

F. HARGREAVES, 6, Ash Grove, Skipton, Yorks.
Man She Didn't Marry—Engagement Broke Him First.

J. HORNER, 8, Gledhow Place, Armley, Leeds.
Absolutely — Exhausted, Sandy — Gymnasium Free.

W. J. JONES, 63, Woodville Road, Mumbles.
Stab In The Back—Yard—Father Calls "Gardening."

Miss M. JONES, 31, Cardiff Road, Troedyrhiw, Merthyr, Glam.
Wonderful Future—Till He Inherited Fortune.

C. J. NEESAM, 16, Moorside Avenue, Ripon.
A Bad Job—Thomas Hasn't "Found Himself."

H. S. RABY, Rosemary, Clewer Hill Road, Windsor.
Brand New—Brains, Best "Party Fund." (Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

L. W. SIGGS, 6, Manor Villas, Acton Lane, Harlesden, N.W.
Barred—Future—Past Bared.

H. WILSON, 3, Langbaurgh Terrace, Gt. Ayton, near Middlesbrough.
Somebody Must Pay, So—Playwright Bought A Seat.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Advance Details for Competition No. 749.
"Double-first" Prize, £600. Second, £50. Third, £25. 10 of £5. 10 of £2 10s. 25 of £1. 50 of 10s. 500 of 2s. 6d. 8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Strong Government—Passing Unnoticed—Never Before—Can't See The Joke—Her Heart Was Breaking, But—Little—When The Row Was Over—Call Of Home—Amuses Me—He Hesitated And—Too Far Away—"Pardon Me!"—Both—What Would You Do If—Trying—Film Detective—Leaving Age—Congratulating Her—Won By Waiting—In Difficulties—Expensive Hobby—Relief For The Taxpayer—A Dull Dog—Warning Us—Thoughtless Girl—Sudden Change—Full Of Possibilities—Mr. Neesy Parker—Uncivilised—What The Pawnbroker Said—Past—Baby's Asleep, So.

(Closing Saturday, February 22.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 748

LABOUR	IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION	THE ORCHESTRA
WHEREVER HE GOES	ENOUGH TO LIVE ON	TELEPATHY
SWOLLEN	HE LAUGHED AT RISKS AND	UNEXPECTED THRILL
AT THE NEXT CONFERENCE	WHY HE'S SORE	ALWAYS AT WORK
TRIFLING	DEFRAUDING THE COMPANY	RUNNING STRAIGHT
IN ANY CASE	CLOSED	"STOP IT!"
INHERITED	MISS INDEPENDENCE	FOUL PLAY
ACKNOWLEDGING DEFEAT	LION TAMER	ANOTHER CHANCE
CONSULTING A SOLICITOR	DEBTORS AND CREDITORS	LEAVING HOME
MARKED MAN	PEOPLE MAY LAUGH, BUT	ARE WE BEING FOOLED?
WRECKS	DISTURBING	

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Feb. 15

(748) P.O. 6s. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Feb. 15

(748) P.O. 1s. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Feb. 15

(748) P.O. 1s. 6d. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____ Bullet _____ Closing SAT. Feb. 15

(748) P.O. 2s. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ADDRESS COUPONS: "Bullets" No. 748 "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 748 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

A list of 25 £1, 50 10/-, and 500 2/6 winners in competition No. 744 can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for 400 Guineas awarded to the first Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 743 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Alexander, Inglis Street, Inverness.

☞ Any reader can obtain a free copy of our weekly "Bullets" Bulletin, now greatly improved for 1930, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Six-penny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL brings 12 issues post paid. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

BRITISH TO THE CORE 'ASPRO' LEADS THE WORLD IN THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE

'ASPRO,' the All-British Medicine, has probably done more to advertise England's thoroughness and efficiency than any other commodity of recent times. Like all successful things, 'ASPRO' has produced a crowd of imitators and substitutors. Because other tablets look like 'ASPRO,' it is no criterion as to their worth. It is the inside of the 'ASPRO' tablet that tells the story—that gives quick-action relief—that relieves rheumatism in one night—that banishes headaches—brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, that stops a cold or a 'flu attack at its inception, etc., etc.

DON'T BE DECEIVED

There are no substitutes for 'ASPRO'

DO NOT ACCEPT DANGEROUS DRUGS OR IMPURE ASPIRIN

If anyone tries to tell you that such and such a thing is the same as 'ASPRO,' or just as good, write and let us know, and we will send you indisputable evidence that will enable you to put to rout those who would deceive you.

INCESSANT SNEEZING AND 'FLU STOPPED BY 'ASPRO'

21, Bushberry Road, Homerton, E.9.
Dear Sir, 19th October, 1929.

I feel duty bound to express my gratitude for the wonderful benefit I have derived by taking 'ASPRO,' especially relating to influenzal head colds, etc.

Two years ago I left work with a high temperature, also pains down my back and thighs. I took three 'ASPRO' tablets on reaching home, taking three more on going to bed washed down with a hot glass of lemon water. To my astonishment on waking next morning after a most refreshing sleep I was my normal self and able to resume work.

Last year I had a similar attack with the same result. Now only this week (Tuesday) I was seized with incessant sneezing, with resultant running of the nose, and every indication of a bad attack of 'Flu.

Resorting to 'ASPRO' again and adopting the same method as above, I was AGAIN relieved in one night. I thought the first two cases mentioned were just coincidences, but surely the third time proves beyond all doubt their marvellous powers. Yours truly,

(Signed) T. TROLLOPE.

3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

WILL NEVER AGAIN BE WITHOUT 'ASPRO' FOR 'FLU

6, Richard Street, Commercial Road, London, E.1.
Dear Sir, [illegible]

I am writing to let you know of the marvellous results I have got by taking your 'ASPRO' tablets that should really be called miracles. I have a tenant living in my house who has been using your 'ASPRO' since she has lived here. She has often told me to try them, and I must say I have always refused them, as I have never had any faith in any advertised medicines. Well, I was so bad the other night, and could not get anything else as all the shops were closed, so had no alternative but to try them. I had three in a glass of hot lemon water, and the results were really marvellous. I can now see my mistake by not trying them before. I honestly suggest anyone who has not tried them is really foolish. I have been foolish long enough, but never again will I be without them.

remain, yours sincerely,

(Signed) MRS. DRYER.

'ASPRO' contains NO Free Salicylic Acid It DOES NOT harm the heart

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 2-6 years, ¼ tablet: 6-14 years, one tablet: 14-18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO', like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

WHAT 'ASPRO' DOES

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.
15. It relieves malaria by reducing the fever.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula. Telephone: Slough 820.

ASPRO REGISTERED TRADE MARK

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, including BOOTS — TAYLORS — TIMOTHY WHITES — SQUIRES — NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND. DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

GET CICFA and GET RID of INDIGESTION

FREE OFFER

PROBABLY nine out of ten persons suffer from Indigestion, either in Stomach or Bowel. It is popularly supposed that the food we eat is wholly digested in the Stomach. **Actually, three-quarters of the food eaten is digested, not in the Stomach at all, but in the Bowel.** It is not surprising, therefore, that there are about *three cases of Bowel Indigestion for every case of Stomach Indigestion.*

THE SYMPTOMS OF BOWEL INDIGESTION are Flatulence, Dull Headaches, Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism, Tongue coated Yellow at back, Muddy Complexion, Biliousness and—**most serious of all—Constipation, which a leading pathologist has referred to as "the curse of civilisation."**

Not only does Bowel Indigestion lead to poisoning of the blood-stream by acrid Acids and other impurities, but the martyr to Bowel Indigestion also suffers much discomfort and pain, and is very insufficiently nourished into the bargain.

CICFA does far more than afford relief from the distressing symptoms of Indigestion. It has a very remarkable two-fold action. It supplies valuable Digestive Ferments, and so re-educates the entire Alimentary Tract, and thus strengthens and gives "tone" to the whole body. In these two ways, Cicfa restores perfectly normal digestion.

A wonderful feeling of physical and mental well-being invariably follows a course of Cicfa, because, when it is taken and there is consequently perfect digestion, the full nourishment is once more obtained from the food eaten.

CICFA CREATES NO HABIT OR NECESSITY. As Digestion improves the dose can be gradually decreased.

Cicfa has been taken up by *thousands of British Doctors.*

All Chemists stock Cicfa. If you are anxious for immediate relief, get a supply from your chemist to-day, or write at once for a **3-DAYS' FREE TRIAL SUPPLY.**

OF ALL CHEMISTS. PRICE 1/3 and 3/-.

CICFA RESTORES DIGESTION

USE THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon, and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

JOHN BULL 8/2/30

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 25.

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